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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



ALL-NEW
PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
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LETTERS

SALUTATIONS



Penthouse Letters' readers are not shy about sharing their fantastic sexual adventures, and this month we have a ribald collection of stories for you to enjoy. From open marriages to group gropes, these men and women spill their sordid secrets for your enjoyment. Add in the fortuitous fornication in Serendipity and the tasty tales in Suck A What?, and you have a recipe for a smorgasbord of pleasure.

Now that we've whetted your appetite, check out this issue's erotica selection, "Storm of Passion," the story of an ex-pat who finds herself invigorated by her brand-new lover. In My Most Unforgettable Lay you'll discover how a Sapphic one-night stand is the perfect cure for a bad breakup. And this month's Spotlight continues the girl-on-girl lovefest with a pair of softball teammates who take contact play to the next level. Batter up!—*The Editors*

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▷ SUCK A WHAT?

■ HOT DISH

I came home from work on Friday night to find a new woman in my kitchen. She was wearing Melanie's favorite sundress. It's pale yellow with tiny little blue flowers all over, and the straps are slim bands of lace. Melanie's a blonde. She has hair so birch-pale, it's striking, and she wears her hair pixie-short. This woman in Melanie's sundress was a brunette. She was faced away from me as I walked into the kitchen, and that black hair of hers cascaded down to the middle of her back in a ripple of midnight mink.

The first thought in my head was, "What the fuck is going on here?" Melanie's little red convertible was in the driveway. None of her friends' vehicles had been parked out front, so this wasn't one of her girlfriends. Besides, would she let a friend wear that dress of hers?

As I opened my mouth to speak, the woman turned around—and hell, my heart skipped two beats. The woman was Melanie—my beautiful bride, my winsome wife. But she'd transformed herself. I took a step closer. Mel was wearing more makeup than usual. Generally, she favors a natural look. A little pink gloss on her pretty lips, a tiny bit of neutral shadow on her eyelids. This "other" Melanie had on deep red lipstick and a shimmering blue shadow. She was even wearing bright blush. Or maybe she was blushing!

"Hey, Hank," she said, and she looked at me, and then looked down at the floor. She seemed to want my approval, or my opinion, before she continued. I looked down, too. She was wearing yellow fishnets and high heels. This was something else. I could feel my hard-on starting right then, and I did what any normal man would do. I came up close, wrapped my baby in my arms, and I kissed her.

"You look delicious," is what I said, rather than lovely—which she also did, which she always is. What I wanted to do right then was lift her up on our sturdy kitchen table, push that dress of hers to her hips, and lick her sweet honey pot until she creamed and screamed my name.

"Delicious," she echoed, and she cocked a hip at me and smiled.

"What's got into you?" I asked, indicating

the wig, the makeup, the total transformation from toe to tip.

"Josie and I went shopping today on our lunch break, and we thought it would be a gas to hit this wig store. I didn't plan on buying one, but Josie said I looked pretty in it. So..."

"'Pretty' doesn't even start to describe what you look like," I told her. It had never occurred to me that Melanie might be interested in dressing up before. I don't know why. We've always had an exciting sex life, but this flipped my switch in a whole new way. "I am going to eat your pussy until you can't stop coming..." I promised her, and with that, I did just what I'd envisioned. I picked her up and put her ass on the table. Melanie squealed with delight. She knew what was coming. She knows how much I love eating her delectable snatch.

**"PLEASE FUCK
ME! THEN I'LL
LICK ALL MY
JUICES OFF
YOUR DICK!"**

On the table, she was the one to hike up her dress, revealing her next surprise. She had on those fishnets, but she wasn't wearing panties underneath. Not only that, her pussy was shaved entirely bare. She'd really thought this thing through! I got myself into position, and I started to tongue her through the netting. Melanie moaned when my mouth met her pussy. She was all wet already. Clearly, she'd been doing some fantasizing of her own while waiting for me to get home from work.

I looked up at her, saw that dark hair, saw my wife's face. It was such a dangerous sensation. I knew I was making love to Melanie's pussy. But there was this feeling that she was a different woman. All because

of the hair and makeup. I kept running my tongue over her split, knowing that she could feel the pressure against her slippery flower even with the fishnets in the way. But before too long, I needed more.

"Your cock!" she demanded. My wife knows her mind. She always makes sure I understand her desires.

"This cock?" I teased as I shucked my boots and jeans. I wasn't wearing boxers. "Right now, Hank. I'm not kidding!"

I got onto our old antique table with her, knowing from many pleasurable past experiences that the table can more than hold our weight. After ripping her fishnets off, I positioned myself in a 69 with my hungry bride. She wrapped her lips right around my cockhead without any warning. I returned the favor by parting her petal lips with my fingers and easily locating her throbbing clitoris. In tandem, we brought each other higher and higher. I teased her by sucking hard on that button and then running my tongue in a circuitous route all around it. She wasn't in the teasing mood. Melanie sucked on my cock as if she'd been dreaming of this moment all day long. Who knows? Maybe she had. Maybe when she'd been at work, organizing the papers in her office, dealing with clients, she'd been daydreaming of my thick cock thrusting down her sweet throat.

She definitely treated me with that sort of finesse.

I wanted to be inside her. As if we'd had the same thought simultaneously, Melanie pulled back far enough to say, "Hank, fuck me. Please fuck me! Then I'll lick all my juices off your dick!"

I couldn't resist that request. I don't think there's a man out there who could! I shifted us a little bit, moving so that I was standing by the table and Melanie was right up against the edge, her knees bent, her cunt exposed. I held her hips and ran my cock up and down her split. I'm always one for drawing things out. Melanie is the opposite. She likes immediate gratification. This is why teasing her is so much fucking fun. She writhes and begs, and her moans grow louder and louder the longer I put off her climax.

I gazed into her eyes as I slammed my dick inside her welcoming body. She wrapped her long legs around me and held me to her. Then I was simply pounding into her as she cried out my name.



LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

"Oh, Hank! Oh, fuck! Oh, Hank!"

Each time I thrust forward, I made sure to go as deep as I possibly could.

I used one hand to toggle her clit for her, my thumb giving her the precise pressure and contact she required. I could tell when the fireworks went off inside her. She shut her eyes and rocked her head back and forth. She pushed my hand away when she could take no more, and then she moved so that we were disconnected and spun around to face me. Bending low on the table, she did

as she'd promised, sucking her sweet juices off the length of my cock. She bobbed her lovely head as she worked, and I made the mistake of running my fingers through the synthetic strands of her wig.

"Oh, fuck, Melanie," I moaned. "You got me. I'm going to..."

I'd given her fair warning, but she didn't pull away, which let me know that what she wanted was to milk every last drop from my balls, so I let her. She siphoned off my pleasure with grace, swallowing all I had to

give before sitting back on her heels and grinning at me.

"So what did you think, Hank?" she asked as she climbed off the table and adjusted herself.

"What did I think?" I repeated, still stunned.

"About my new look." She lifted the wig and shook it off, then set it down on the table.

"Beautiful," I told her, "You're always beautiful."

She grinned. "I'm glad you think so." Then she raised her eyebrows at me. "Because tomorrow night, you might come home to find a redhead."

I told her that I couldn't wait.

And I meant it.

—H.W., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

■ THIRST-QUENCHER

There's something about giving head that turns me on. Nothing makes my panties wetter than when I have a nice big dick in my mouth. Luckily, I don't seem to have any problem finding willing men to let me blow them. There are certain tricks a lady can do when she has cock on the brain and wants to get on her knees. Generally, I'm in relationships, and I always make sure that my boyfriend of the moment is interested in oral 24/7. But my latest flame had to move away for business, and recently, I've been feeling a little let down in the mouth.

I could have taken up knitting, I suppose. Or signed up for a night class. But I knew that no other activity was going to soothe me the way cocksucking does.

Last night, I went to my favorite bar and began flirting with my favorite bartender. Roman is about my age—mid-twenties. He has short red hair and a goatee, gray-green eyes that are mesmerizing, and a wicked way of looking a girl up and down and making her feel naked. In a good way. He and I had never hooked up, but I thought that was only because we'd never been single at the same time before.

I sat at the corner of the bar, and I toyed with the little red straw that went with my drink. I bent the edges. I licked the tip. I could feel Roman watching me throughout the





evening. He kept looking from my eyes to my mouth. My hungry, hungry mouth.

I redid my lipstick while he watched. Yeah, I know. A lady's not supposed to do her makeup in public. But there are exceptions to almost every rule. If the lady in question craves a hard rod to suck on, then slicking cherry-red lipstick on her lips while a potential lover watches can be a very hedonistic thing.

Roman looked hypnotized as I pouted my lips and reapplied the gloss. When he came over to ask if I wanted a refill, I assured him that I definitely required something for my mouth, but I was done with liquor for the evening.

"You..." he started.

"I'm thirsty," I said, and I paused and leaned over the bar so I could get closer to him. "And I'd like you to satisfy my oral desires."

His eyes grew wider as he grasped what I was saying.

"When do you plan to get off?" I asked him.

"Plan to..."

"Well, I know you have a time you cock out, right?" I paused. "I mean, clock out."

He nodded.

"Five minutes after that, you'll be getting off in my mouth, right?"

He nodded again, more robustly this time. Then he said, "I'm out of here at two. Is that too late?"

I shook my head, wrote my address on one of the paper napkins, and paid my tab. Then I went home to prepare. Cocksucking is something I take very seriously. I wanted to make the night perfect for my guest.

"BEFORE I COULD PART MY LIPS, HE WAS BURROWING BETWEEN MY LEGS."

First, I stripped out of the dress I'd been wearing and put on a silky silver negligee and matching robe. I slid into a pair of high-heeled black slippers with feathers on the toes. When I opened the door to let Roman in, I wanted him to be knocked sideways by my erotic visage.

At ten minutes after two, there was a knock. It was a little tentative, and I could imagine Roman standing outside, perhaps worried that he'd arrived too late or that I hadn't meant what I'd said at the bar. He shouldn't have doubted me. My mouth had been watering since I'd first come up with the plan. I whipped open the door and pulled my handsome bartender inside.

I'd been waiting for the past hour and a half. Now, I couldn't wait another second. I went on my knees in the foyer and pawed at the front of his slacks. He undid the belt. I undid the button and zip. Then I was on him, my mouth open, my heart pounding. I learned

the length of his dick by the way it felt in my throat. I learned the shape of his cockhead by fitting my lips around the knob. At first, I simply had to suck and suck. I didn't want to go slow, to take my time, to linger in the moment. I was on a mission, and I remained fully focused. But after a few minutes, I felt the peace steal over me.

Cocksucking does that to me. Not only does the activity turn me on like no other X-rated event. But I reach an almost meditative state from the rhythm. I moved forward and back, slurping and sucking. Roman ran his fingers along my shoulders, touched my cheeks when I sucked so hard I felt them indenting with the force. We were silent in the front of my apartment. Silent except for the noises I was making and the occasional moans and sighs of my bartender.

To switch things up a little, I let his cock slide free from my wet mouth and dipped down to tongue his balls. He pressed his hands on my shoulders and bucked, and I wondered if he'd dissolve down the wall, if his knees would give out and he'd end up a puddle of bliss on the hardwood floor. I didn't wait to find out. I said, "Let's bring this to the bedroom."

"Bedroom," he said, nodding. "Yeah, that sounds like a plan." But first he had to take off his boots and his jeans. I watched him strip there in the entry to my apartment, and I relished every second of witnessing the beauty of his body emerge for my pleasure. His cock was a steel beam, ready to meet my foundation.

I tripped ahead of him down the hall to my bedroom. I was still in my negligee and robe, and those silly, frilly heels. Roman watched

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

me get comfortable on the bed. I expected him to move up my body, to straddle me and present his dick for my pleasurable sucking once more. He surprised me. Before I could even part my lips, he was pushing my nightie to my waist and burrowing between my legs. I didn't have any panties to get in the way. That made things easier. He seemed ravenous as he went down on me, nuzzling against the landing strip of fur that adorns my pussy lips, then using his big hands to open me wide so he could get in deep.

All those nights I'd had drinks at the bar, I realized I could have been having this. I'd never choose a cocktail over cock again!

Roman crossed one finger over the other and began to finger-fuck me corkscrew style. *How appropriate for a bartender*, I thought as I grew closer and closer to climax. When he nudged my clit with the very tip of his tongue, I came. My whole body shook—the bed even shook! And then I lay there in vanquished bliss.

At least, I lay there for a second. Roman, of

course, was not finished. Not by a long shot. He waited until my eyelids fluttered open, and then he motioned to his throbbing dick.

"Fuck me!" I begged him.

That was all the impetus he needed. He took me missionary style on the mattress, his dick plunging into my balmy depths as I gripped his biceps and held on for the ride of my life. He took me to a second orgasm that was even more intense than the first, and I cried out as I shivered all over. The pleasure worked through me, sparkles of pure delight ringing my entire body. This is what I'd been lacking. This is what I'd needed.

When I gazed up at Roman once more, I saw he was on the brink of his own mammoth explosion.

"Don't come!" I insisted.

His eyes widened. What could I possibly mean? How could he possibly stop himself? Those were the queries in his desperate eyes.

"I want to drink every slippery drop," I explained, and he pulled out of me and let

me turn to get into position. I watched as he jacked his hand up and down his come-shiny dick.

"Now!" he said, when he'd reached the place.

I opened my mouth and he shot his load on my tongue, and lips, and chin. I swallowed, then licked the escaping drips up, leaving none behind.

It was late by then, almost late enough to call it early. But Roman gave me that wicked grin of his and moved us into a new position on the bed. To my ultimate delight, my horny bartender wasn't quite ready for the last call of the night.

—S.R., Santa Monica, California

■ ALL-DAY SUCKER

"Grown women don't walk around with lollipops," Margie said to me in her best critical tone as I unwrapped the cherry lollipop. "Grown women don't suck on lollipops at work," she continued, as we walked from the break room back to our desks.

"Where do you read things like that?" I asked. "Is there some manual I missed? How to Behave if You Are a Grown-Up?"

She shook her head. Her perfect copper curls bounced, but only a little, as if they knew better than to misbehave on her head. "It's just not done," she insisted. What Margie didn't know was that I like to do things that "aren't done." Things that are edgy. But how edgy was a lollipop? I'd bought several on a whim at the sandwich shop around the corner, craving a little candy dessert to follow lunch.

"Save it for after work," she hissed before sitting in her cubicle.

"No," I said trying to keep the bitchy tone out of my voice, but failing. I was going to eat this fucking lollipop. I was going to enjoy every sordid second of licking, and sucking, and maybe, just maybe... I got carried away. With the slurping sounds. Because in only a few seconds, Tom, who sits two desks down, came to visit.

He didn't say anything for a minute. He simply looked at me, his head tilted slightly, as he watched me. I had the lollipop in my mouth, and I felt my cheeks go pink. Had



“I LICKED THE TIP, THEN SWIRLED MY TONGUE ALL OVER THE HEAD.”

I gone over the top? He winked at me. I blushed deeper. Tom had been my office crush for months. Had it taken sucking a candy to win his attention? Apparently so.

“I had a question for you,” he said, straightening up and acting all professional. “It was about this file... would you mind going to the stockroom with me for a moment to see if you can help me locate it?”

The stockroom. With Tom. I had no problem with that whatsoever. I crunched the remaining bits of my candy with vigor, shot Margie a “keep your mouth fucking shut” look, and trailed after Tom. Gorgeous, blond Tom with the surfer’s build and the sleek jawline. Tom of my dreams. Tom of my fantasies.

There was no file. I was sure of that. There was only going to be the two of us, in the back room, searching each other for a missing “O.”

Once we got into the space, we looked at each other. We’d been flirting heavy-duty for months, but being face-to-face in a quiet, nearly unused stockroom was something new. There were file cabinets along three of the walls, but Tom made no motion to open a drawer. I leaned back against the door and waited to see what he would say.

“That Margie is kind of bossy, isn’t she?” he asked.

I nodded. “Yeah. She knows how things are done.”

“How about you?”

“Am I bossy?” I asked him.

“Do you know how things are done?”

“What sort of things?”

He stepped closer and kissed my cherry-

flavored lips. “All sorts of things,” he said, and his hand went to my waist as he pulled me tight against him.

“I know how some things are done,” I said, so close that my breath must have warmed his skin.

“Like...”

I bit my lip and gazed up at him. He leaned down once more and licked my lips this time, obviously savoring the flavor of my lollipop.

“You definitely knew how to suck that candy,” he said. “I heard Margie telling you not to, so I had to watch and see what you’d do. And let me tell you, there haven’t been many things I’ve seen in my life that are sexier than the way you licked that lolly. You really went to town on that candy on a stick.”

I grinned. I couldn’t help myself. Somehow, I’d known that candy would bring me good luck. Right now, it was bringing me my office crush, who was harder than fuck. I could tell he had serious wood in his slacks. With his eyes bright on me, I bent to my knees and started to undo his buckle.

“Let’s see what else I can work my mouth around,” I said.

He looked as if he couldn’t believe what

was actually happening. But he could believe it. We were both on the same page, here. That missing file? The first two letters were O-R... and the last four were GASM. There was going to be an explosive one, I could tell, within a matter of minutes. I was about to win myself the sweet satisfaction of Tom’s come. Talk about dessert!

Tom moved us so that he was leaning against the wall and I was reaching into his blue-and-black striped boxers to free his dick. I took a moment to observe the beauty of his tool. He had a reason to be proud. Eight inches, at least, and fat. Just the way I like them.

I started by treating the head of his dick like the lollipop I’d savored. I licked the tip, then swirled my tongue all over the head. Tom moaned. A little too loud. I thought of Margie down the hall.

Backing up for only a second, I said, “Shhh... You don’t want anyone else to come looking for a missing file, do you?”

He shook his head and said, “No. Not now. Just the two of us.”

I resumed my motions, pulling more of his shaft down my throat with each bob of



LETTERS

↘ SUCK A WHAT?



my head. He started to talk as I worked him. To my surprise, he had a dirty streak, a filthy streak. Now, he said, "Yeah, baby. Suck it. Go on. You're going to make me come so hard, aren't you?" His voice was low, almost hoarse, and sexy. His words turned me on even more.

My answer was garbled around his cock, the words slurred and barely intelligible as I said, "Oh, yes."

"Work it, Rebecca. Work that bone."

I wanted to smile, because I'd always thought of Tom as a little bit uptight. But this Tom wasn't. This Tom, with his dick in my mouth, was filthy. I was thrilled by the revelation, and I could feel how wet I was growing as I continued to suck him, attempting to take him all the way down my throat. I failed at this. He was too big for me. So I wrapped my fist around the base of his dick and worked him faster and faster, right up until he said, "Oh, fuck. Oh, fucckkkkk..." stretching out the word as he shot down my throat.

I'd been striving for this moment, but the speed caught me unprepared, and I dribbled a little of his come down my chin. I wiped my face with the back of my hand, feeling sticky and hot all over. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me, which delighted me even more.

"HE FLICKED HIS TONGUE AGAINST MY CLIT. MY BODY SEEMED TO HUM."

Then he said, "My turn."

"Your turn?" I raised my eyebrows. Didn't he remember where we were?

He looked around the space. There were the filing cabinets, and then off against one wall was a desk that nobody used. He brought me there and spread me out on my back.

"That's one hard-to-find file," he said as he pushed my skirt to my waist.

"Excuse me?"

"When Margie asks what took you so long," he continued, pulling my panties down

and off. "You'll just say that we had to look really hard. Really deep..."

"Deep and hard," I murmured.

He bent to taste me. The first flick of his tongue against my folds had me moaning and wanting more.

He flicked his tongue repeatedly against my clit. My whole body seemed to hum. When he paused for breath, he said, "You taste like candy."

"Come on my tongue now," he said. "You can come on my cock later."

"Later?" I panted.

"After work."

That sounded fine to me. He touched me again with the broad part of his tongue, bestowing a series of ravenous hard licks that held me enthralled until I crested, pleasure coursing through my whole body in serious waves of lust.

I settled back against that old desk, trying to catch my breath. Then I realized Tom was up and rummaging. What was he doing? I stood and came to his side. He had one of the file drawers open, and he was fingering through the different stiff folders.

"What are you doing?" I asked. He hadn't actually needed something from the stockroom, had he?

"What do you think Margie will say if we come back red-cheeked and empty-handed?"

"I don't give a fuck about Margie," I said before I could stop myself.

Tom shot me a wry smile, but he already had a file in his hand. "This one will be fine," he said.

I was curious, so I peeked. "The Johnson file," I said.

"Because of the way your lips felt around my Johnson," he said, and we kissed again.

Then we floated out of the stockroom together—or it felt like floating—and I went back to my cubicle to unwrap another lollipop. I'd have to keep my mouth busy until later.

—G.K., Portland, Oregon

Ever experienced an incredible Thanksgiving-turkey mouth—the kind that cries out for stuffing? Tell us all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to letters@penthouse.com.

kanøn

CLASSIC, BOLD,
FIERCE ATTITUDE!





WINDOW-SHOPPING

DANNY CAN'T KEEP HIS EYES OFF LEXI, WHO INVITES HIM IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK





“BEING WATCHED BY A STRANGER
TURNS ME ON LIKE NOTHING ELSE”

- LEXI











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LETTERS

OPEN SEASON

FOUR-PLAY

I watched from the corner of the party as my husband sweet-talked a woman in a wine-red dress. He was really putting the moves on her, and I could tell his charm was working. How? Because she tossed her hair, batted her eyelashes, fondled her wine stem, threw back her head when she laughed. Her husband wasn't paying any attention to the flirting that was happening almost right in front of him. He had other things on his mind. Other things like me.

See, Rod and I have an open marriage, and we'd gone to this party knowing that a couple we'd played with before was going to be in attendance. So this mating ritual was merely foreplay, the start of the evening's erotic dance. I ought to have been paying more attention to Charlie, who was trying his best to keep up a conversation with me. But I find watching Rod so arousing when he goes after another woman, I didn't need much more impetus than that.

When Stefanie stroked her fingertips along Rod's muscular arm, I was done. I said to Charlie, "Let's wrangle those two and get out of here. I need us to find more private quarters." Charlie shot me a look and went to gather our mates.

The start is always heady for me. Anticipation is one of my favorite aphrodisiacs. I could guess how this night would end: Most likely with me astride Charlie's hefty manhood and Stef on all fours in the living room, while Rod worked her pussy nice and deep. Some acrobatic version of that would play out. Right now, however, I could simply imagine how we might move together. How Stef could undress in the living room while the rest of us watched. Or maybe she and I would take off each other's clothes. I was sure the men would appreciate a subtle, sensual striptease.

My pussy throbbed. I was so wet, you could have wrung out the juices on the sidewalk as we made our way to our cars.

"How do you want to do this?" Charlie asked when we were out on the street. Rod

looked at me. I didn't care. As long as we were in motion to our fucking destination, I was good.

"Why don't you take Lora?" Rod suggested. "And Stef and I will go together."

Oh, I'll bet you will, I thought. *You'll go all the way in the backseat of the car before we even get to the house.* Normally, that might not have bothered me. There are occasions when we split up, when Rod goes and does his thing with the wife, and I do mine with the husband. On a different occasion, with a different couple, I might have been more than willing to do separate but equal orgasms. But I wanted to watch tonight. I wanted to be there the whole time. So I got crafty.

I went to Stef and wrapped my hand in her long red hair and pulled her to me for a kiss. The type of kiss you can feel deep inside yourself. Or, in this case, the type of kiss that makes your husband and your lover for the night sport wood in a matter of seconds.

When we parted, I said, "Don't take any detours. Don't park in any back alleys. Meet us at our house in twenty minutes." Then Rod and Stef got into our car and I left with Charlie in his.

The ride was deliciously eventful. Charlie told me that he treasured the previous time the four of us had gotten together. "It was one of our favorite times ever," he confessed. "We think about that evening often, talk about it when we're making love."

"That was a fabulous night," I agreed, remembering. The four of us had been friends for some time, but we hadn't ever swung together. The truth was that Rod and I didn't know Charlie and Stef had an open marriage. We'd considered them part of our vanilla circle. They were the ones to bring up the concept, Charlie pulling me aside in the kitchen and saying that he and Stef had a proposal for us, and that he didn't want us to be shocked. More than that, they were worried that the revelation of their lifestyle might somehow damage our friendship.

It didn't.

Rod and I were thrilled to discover another couple that liked to play the way we did. The sad part was that we only had that one night together before Charlie and Stef moved because of his job. We'd heard that they were back in town—that they were going to the same party we were—and now... now... Charlie put his hand on my thigh. I felt warmth



traveling through me. Big blond Charlie was going to fuck me. I was going to suck his dick. Rod was going to fill his wife's shaved snatch to the hilt. Oh, my beating heart, and oh my sopping panties. I couldn't help myself. I told Charlie that he was turning me on more than I could handle.

"What do you mean?"

"I'll show you."

I arched up in the seat and slid my hands beneath the hem of my denim skirt. Then I dragged my underpants down my thighs and off. At a red light, I handed the sodden knickers to Charlie. He brought them to his face and breathed in deep.

"Like that night," he said, and his voice was husky.

Oh that night. We had pulled out all the stops. Once they'd told us their desires, dinner was all but forgotten. I'd been so turned on when Charlie had taken off my underpants, holding them to his face for a second and telling me how good I smelled. We'd stripped and then gone at it in the dining room after moving aside the plates, Charlie bending me over the table, Rod taking the same position with Stef.

We girls had been facing each other, holding hands as the men reamed us. The connection was deeply powerful to me. After the men had gotten off, we'd moved into the living room, and Stef and I had 69ed while our husbands watched. The pleasure I'd gotten from her tongue had been otherworldly. It was dirty, I knew it, but I loved the taste of her come mingled with my husband's salty seed.

Then we'd had sex with our own partners, but in the same room, which added an element of closeness to the event. Rod took me in the perfect way, with me bouncing on his lap facing away from him. In that position, I could watch Charlie and Stef as they fucked missionary-style on our floor.

The evening had culminated in the four of us relaxed together in the living room, all of us naked, eating dinner around the coffee table, sharing secret glances and electrical smiles as we discussed what we'd done.

Now, we were on our way to relive that wondrous night. Or, if not relive it, surpass it. Charlie said, "I love the way you smell." I grinned and put my hand in his lap, fondling his cock through his gray slacks as he drove. He was bone-hard already. I couldn't wait to



"ROD TOOK ME IN THE PERFECT WAY, WITH ME BOUNCING ON HIS LAP!"

taste him. But I forced myself to behave. We were only a few minutes from our house.

That's when my cell rang. It was Stef, and she wanted to talk dirty.

"Rod's driving," she said. "And I'm sitting here with my feet up on your dash, legs splayed, panties off, playing with myself."

I put her on speaker, so her husband could hear.

"How wet are you?" I asked.

"Let's check," she said. "I'm putting two

fingers inside my pussy. I'm going to let Rod lick them clean and let you know. We're at a red light."

I realized then that we were pulling up directly behind my car. There was Stef. We could see through the rear window as she brought her hand to the driver. She added the verbal play-by-play. "Rod's sucking my juices off my fingers."

"Mmm." That was Rod. "She's so wet."

The light went green, and we all moved toward our house. It was only a few more minutes before Rod pulled into the driveway and Charlie and I parked on the street. My heart was pounding so fast, and my pussy was dripping juices down my thighs. I didn't care about anything at this point except sex. I wanted Charlie inside me, wanted to watch Rod fuck Stef, wanted everything and all at once!

We made it to the bedroom somehow. I would have thought we might just fuck outside on the front porch. But Rod was more aware of what we needed—our big California King bed. The four of us stripped naked as if there was a race. Stef pulled her sundress off, revealing her tanned, nude body in a flash. Rod and Charlie took a little

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▷ OPEN SEASON



“AS HE FUCKED ME, I WATCHED MY HUSBAND SCREW CHARLIE’S WIFE.”

whole time. With the added pressure of the audience, he decided he was ready to really ratchet up the raunch.

With a nod of his head, he motioned for Stef to come join us. She hurried off the bed and came to stand at his side. I could see Rod reclining, watching from the mattress, still obviously enjoying his happy halo of recent erotic bliss.

Charlie smiled at his wife, and then she joined me, side by side, facing the mirror. He moved suddenly, and I felt him withdrawing from my pussy. Then Stef groaned, and I realized he was fucking her. I was empty and open then. I met my husband's eyes in the mirror, and I noted that his hard-on was rapidly renewing. Catching the gleam in my eye, he came to stand behind me. Then he was fucking me while Charlie did Stef. For a few moments, we were connected in our normal Mr.-and-Mrs. styles. Then Charlie and Rod shared a look—and the men swapped positions. Now I had Charlie again, his dick went from Stef's sweet honey pot to mine. How dirty was that? And Rod was doing his manliest to take Stef to a higher level.

The four of us kept pounding and grinding, switching and swapping, until we went off one after the other: first Charlie with a bellow, filling me up inside, then Rod right after, doing the same for Stef. I reached over and rubbed my fingertips along her cleft. She came third, in her standard vocal style.

That left me, the last hurrah—and I made the most of my orgasm. I shut my eyes, bit my lip, and shivered all over with the heightened sense of total euphoria.

—L.R., Las Vegas, Nevada

longer, kicking off their shoes, working their belts. I was in a short skirt and a halter—and then I wasn't.

For a sliver of time—just a whisper of a moment—we all stared at each other. The last time we'd been together had been a momentous evening. Could we beat our record? Could we top our orgasmic activities?

I fucking hoped so.

Charlie moved first. He took me in his arms and kissed me, and then everything started to move quickly. He positioned us so that we were in front of the mirror on our closet doors. He had me face my own reflection, my palms flat on the glass. I could look in my own eyes, or gaze at Charlie, or peer at the couple on the bed behind us because Rod and Stef were already in mid-fuck. They were doing it doggy-style on our mattress, Stef swinging her long red hair, Rod holding her tight around her hips. I sighed at that sensual vision, that X-rated movie in motion, and then I cried out as Charlie thrust his cock into me for the first time of the evening.

“Keep your eyes open,” he said. “Keep watching.”

I did what he told me. As he fucked me, I watched my husband screw Charlie's wife. We were not physically connected, but I felt the bond between the four of us just the

same. I know what it's like to have Rod's thick hard cock inside me. And I know what it feels like to have Stef's pussy contract on my fingers. Every few seconds, I met Charlie's eyes in the mirror, and a beautiful understanding passed between us. We were helping each other reach our limits. His cock hit all the right spots inside me. His handsome face, furrowed with concentration, turned me on even more. He was breathing hard, and so was I. Then suddenly the room was filled with the musical sounds of Stefanie coming.

I'd forgotten! How had I forgotten the melody of her climaxes? She was the loudest woman we'd ever played with. She started with a low moan that rose in intensity to a more frantic pitch.

“That's my girl,” Charlie said proudly, and I could tell he was staring at her in the mirror, watching his wife climax boldly on my husband's dick. Rod seemed to be trying his best to hold off until Stef was finished. But ultimately, he succumbed to the power of his pleasure, unable to wait another second.

We watched in the mirror as Rod pulled out and showered his spray on Stef's lower back and nubile ass cheeks. Then I realized both Rod and Stef were staring back at us. It was our turn to put on a show. Charlie had been fucking me steadily throughout this

■ AMUSE-BOUCHE

There are open bars, open doors, open windows, open books... but when Joe said he wanted to try an open marriage, I was shocked. Not shocked in a bad way, but shocked open-mouthed, just the same.

We'd been together for five years, and the sex between us had always been spectacular. The two of us had fucked on a train, a plane, and in an elevator. We'd had sex at a wedding, at a funeral, and at a ballgame. He'd even fingered me to orgasm while riding on a cable car. There wasn't much the two of us weren't willing to try.

And yet, I had a few questions.

"Wouldn't you be jealous?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, imagine," I said, "imagine you invite Danny over for dinner, right?" I was astride him in the bed as I painted this scenario. I could feel his cock getting hard between us although he wasn't in me yet. That let me know my words were having a powerful effect. Danny's broad and strong, like Joe. But where my man is dark haired and dark eyed, with a chest full of curly hair, Danny is his opposite, blue-eyed and fair, leaner and longer.

"Okay," he said, "I can see that."

"Now picture Danny taking off my dress, spreading me out on our bed, and fucking me until I cry his name."

"You'd cry his name?"

"Danny..." I practiced as I wrapped my fist around Joe's thick dick and brought the tip to my pussy. "Oh, Danny..."

Joe smiled at me, then took a deep breath as I worked his cock into my tight pussy.

"Well, wait a sec," he said, and I stopped the motion, but he shook his head. "No, keep doing that, while you think about this..."

I got his whole cock buried to the hilt inside my tight snatch, and I began to work myself up and down his pole. I used my taut thigh muscles to piston my body on his dick. He was quiet for a moment, as if gathering his thoughts, or possibly relishing the sensations of my pussy as it closed around his cock. Then he said, "If Danny comes over, that means Rae's coming, too, right?"

"Well, of course. Rae goes where he goes."

"You didn't put her in your description."



"I hadn't gotten to her yet."

"Let me get to her," Joe said. "So you're in our bed, and Danny's in your cunt, and you're crying out his name." Joe mimicked me a little wickedly, "Oh, Danny." Going all falsetto on me as he cried out his best friend's name.

"Now think about this," my husband said in his normal tone of voice. "While Danny's in your snatch, I'm going to be taking care of Rae."

"Taking care how?" I had to know.

"Well, I've always thought of Rae as a little acrobatic thing. You know how lithe she is, all lean limbs and hard muscles."

"Yeah," I said, picturing Danny's wife. She is an athletic woman, built like a gymnast. You could toss her up in the air, spin her around three times, and catch her on the way down. Rae has short-cropped black hair, dark as pitch. Her eyes tend to crinkle around the edges, as if she's thinking of a joke she's just heard, or one she can't wait to share with you.

"I've always thought that she'd be fun to do just like this. Cowgirl style. The way you're fucking me right this second."

"Do you see us all in the bed together?" I asked. Talking was, quite honestly, getting

a little difficult for me. I was into the idea of having sex with Danny. That was the truth. The more I thought of Joe fucking Rae, the more turned on I was. Jealousy didn't seem to have a hold on me. I wondered if it was because I was imagining us all at the same time. No secrets. The four of us with our libidos front and center, right in the open.

"That's the way I've always pictured it," Joe said, sparking my interest even more.

"Always?" I asked.

"This is my number-one fantasy," he said, and those words were what sealed my decision. I needed to make his treasured desires come true. If I could get my own itch scratched at the same time, that was even better.

"Okay," I said, and I was a breath away from coming, my voice barely a whisper.

"Okay?" He wanted to make sure he'd heard me correctly.

"Call them up," I told him. "But first, let me come..."

"Yeah, baby," he urged. "Come for me."

So I did. I came hard on his cock thinking of what Danny's dick might look like. I came powerfully on his pole while I imagined him screwing one of my best friends. I wondered

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▷ OPEN SEASON

“HE CRADLED MY BREASTS IN HIS HANDS AND BENT TO SUCK ONE NIPPLE AND THEN THE OTHER.”

what Rae would look like when she came. Would she be silent as the pleasure ran through her? Or would she be unexpectedly loud? I found that I didn't really care. I wondered if I might want to fuck Rae when I was done with Danny? Either way, this was going to be good. This was going to be better than good. This was going to be exquisite.

And it was.

Right after we finished, Joe called Danny to work out the details. I couldn't be near Joe while he was on the phone. I was too

nervous. What if Danny said he didn't want to? What if Joe shocked him? What if posing the possibility cancelled out our friendship? Maybe I should have stopped Joe. Maybe I should have told him that we'd keep this as simply a fantasy between the two of us.

Finally, Joe wandered into the kitchen, where I was pretending to drink coffee, but really just sitting there stirring more and more sugar into the cup. Joe had a huge smile on his face.

“Tell me!” I demanded.

“What do you think he said?” Joe asked. He looked amped up and excited.

“That he had to ask Rae?”

Joe shook his head.

“Really? He was able to give the go-ahead without talking to his wife first?”

“Nope,” Joe said. “What Danny said to me was that they'd been dying to ask us the same thing!”

“You're kidding.”

“I'm not!” he insisted. “Danny said he'd seen the way you looked at him sometimes. At barbecues, at the pool. And Rae knows full well what her compact little body does to me. They thought it was simply that harmless way couples flirt, and they were going to leave it at that. But they've got an open marriage, and they're game for anything.”

“They've played with other people?” I was dying to know everything now.

“A few other like-minded couples,” Danny said. “They went on a vacation with a couple from Rae's work, and that's what started the whole thing. They wanted to tell us about it, but they were worried we'd be shocked.”

I had to process all this information. Danny and Rae had an open relationship! And they wanted to swing with us!

“When?” was the next thing I asked.

“When do we all get together?”

“Ooooh,” Joe crooned. “Look who's all horny. You just can't wait to get on Danny's dick, can you?”

I shrugged, trying to be nonchalant, as if I wasn't in a rush, as if I could be patient. But I couldn't. Joe laughed at me. Then he said, “Well, don't you worry, baby. They're coming over tonight. We're going to have sex and then have steaks. How does that sound to you?”

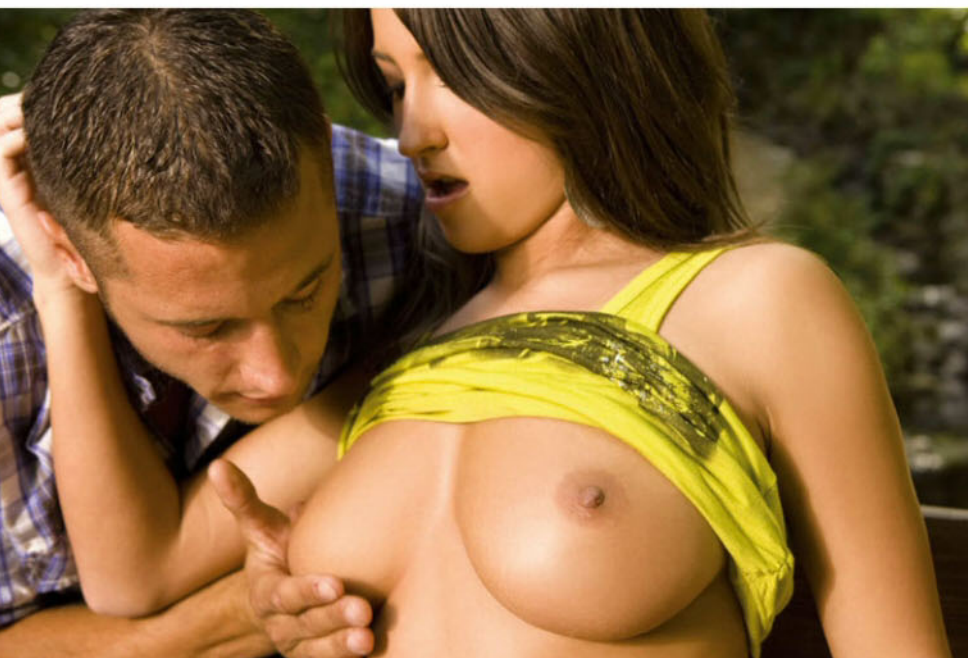
That sounded like magic. I only had to make it through eight hours before I could experience something brand-new, something totally different. Eight long hours. Eight hours that I would spend thinking about Danny, Rae, Joe, and myself. About the way the four of us might split off and do dirty and wonderful things together.

Work was a new definition of hell. I got almost nothing done, practically walked into walls, was asked by many of my coworkers if I needed more coffee. I didn't need coffee. I needed cock. Danny's cock. I couldn't wait. I texted Joe several times throughout the day to tell him how excited I was. He texted me back each time to let me know he felt the same way.

By the time I arrived home from work, I was practically on the verge of a spontaneous orgasm. Thank goodness Rae and Danny were already there. They'd beat the traffic better than I had and arrived before me. Joe had already served them each a beer, and the three of them were out on our back deck waiting for me.

I walked forward. Rae stood and practically hopped to me. She looked visibly aroused—exactly the way I felt inside. A cheerleader in her college days, she nearly did a cheer when she reached me. “We're so happy!” she said. “You wouldn't believe how thrilled we were when Joe made that call.”

I didn't know how to respond, so I did





what came naturally. I kissed her. The boys hooted. They were enjoying the show. Rae turned around and stuck her tongue out. Joe said, "I like that. I'd like to feel that tongue somewhere, sweetheart."

That's all it took to split us up. Joe and Rae headed toward our master bedroom. That left Danny and me, staring at each other on the deck. He raised his eyebrows in a come-hither move. I grinned back at him. I believe we had the same thought at the same time, which was this: We don't need a bed. We can screw right here. The wooden slats of our deck were well worn to a smooth surface. The sun had been baking on them all day. I grabbed a blanket from the edge of the sofa in the living room and spread it out for us. Danny stripped out of his clothes, and I followed his lead.

I'd seen the man in his bathing suit before, but I'd never seen him in his birthday suit. Rae was a lucky woman. His physique was stellar, but what captivated my attention at the moment was his cock. I was going to have fun riding that beast.

That made me think of Rae and Joe. Were they making his fantasies come true right now? Was he taking her cowgirl style? Or perhaps reverse cowgirl so he could palm her perfect ass cheeks? Danny broke me from my reverie with a kiss. Then he cradled my breasts in his hands and bent to suck first on one nipple and then the other.

Thoughts of what my husband might or might not be doing with Danny's wife evaporated from my mind. What mattered was what we were doing. The two of us. Out here in the warmth of the summer twilight. Last year, Joe had strung hundreds of little lights from the trees in our yard. They created a fairytale setting for what Danny and I did, which was playfully wrestle for a moment on the blanket, kissing passionately, madly, as we learned how our bodies fit together best.

This was one of the most exciting things I'd ever done. I adore making love to my husband, of course. That will never get old to me. But fucking a different man—fucking a new lover while Joe screwed Rae—that was raw and primal. When Danny touched my clit for the first time, I saw stars.

"You're so damn wet," he whispered to me, his fingers gently pinching my clit, then tapping on it.

"And you're so damn hard," I countered, taking his cock in my fist and reverently giving him a squeeze.

"Let's put these two facts together, and see what we can create," he suggested. That sounded like Danny. Always the one with the scientific brain. I moved so that I was on my back and he was positioned directly over me. He probed my pussy with the tip of his dick, and I sighed.

"The lady likes that," he said, which gave me an idea. It was kind of dirty, kind of kinky,

but hell. I was on my deck about to be fucked by my husband's best friend. We'd crossed a line already about what was dirty and what wasn't.

"Fuck me like you fuck Rae," I said. Then I held my breath to see what he'd say. To my relief and delight, he smiled broadly.

"Devil," he called me. "You little devil." Then he drove forward, hard, and rotated his hips so that I could feel his cock reach me deep inside. "Rae likes it like this, face to face, so we can meet each other's eyes. She says that it adds to the connection, that it makes her feel close to me."

She was right. There was something almost dreamy about being taken like this. I could see Danny's blond eyelashes, could watch as his eyes took on a bit of a glaze as the pleasure increased inside of him.

"How about you?" he asked as he fucked me. "What is it you like?"

What did I like? I liked this. I liked the way I could smell his aftershave when I breathed in deep. I liked the fact that we were outdoors, even if we were completely shielded by our tall back fence. Nobody could see us. Nobody knew what we were doing out here except Joe and Rae, and I was pretty sure they were busy making their own sexy music in the bedroom.

"What do you like?" he repeated, and I saw the earnest yearning in his face. He wanted to know. He wanted me to tell him.

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

I showed him instead. "I like it like this," I said, and I wrapped my thighs around his waist and moved us so that I was on top of him. I wondered if I was emulating what Rae and Joe were doing right now. Was she riding him the way I like to ride my man? Right now, I was astride her bucking bronco of a beau. And I was riding him for all I was worth.

Danny looked a little surprised that the tables had been turned so quickly, so effortlessly. But I've had a lot of experience riding Joe like this. I dug in my heels and began to move my way up and down his dick. Danny reached out his hands to stroke my breasts. He seemed captivated by my rack. I guess I have my fair share of tits in comparison to his smaller-chested bride. He could play with my knockers for all he was worth. I was happily consumed by his thick, hefty dick and the bliss it was bringing me.

That's when we heard the sounds. Rae was crying out like something fabulous was happening to her. I'd left the sliding glass door open when I'd gotten the blanket. The sounds were pouring out down the hall to us.

"That's my girl," Danny said proudly.

Joe bellowed next.

"And my man," I said, equally proudly.

"Should we let them have all the fun?"

There was an impish look in Danny's eyes. I shook my head fiercely.

"No fucking way."

So we turned up our own volume. As I pushed myself up and rode back down on Danny's cock, I opened my mouth and began to really let the world know how good I felt. Danny seemed surprised I could moan like that. He smiled at me, and for one split second, he looked shy, as if he wasn't sure he could match my vocal presence. Then I reached behind myself and cupped his balls. That added pressure let him loose. He started to come, and while he came, he cried out my name. "Oh, Molly! Oh, sweet fucking Molly!"

"She is fucking sweet, isn't she?"

I turned my head, shocked. There stood Joe and Rae. They'd finished their deed and had obviously decided to check in on us. They stood side by side in the doorway between our living room and the deck. I made eye contact with one, then the other, then looked back at Danny who was breathing hard and fast from his exertion.



"HE DROVE FORWARD — I COULD FEEL HIS COCK REACH DEEP INSIDE ME."

To my surprise, Joe came forward then. He seemed to understand I hadn't climaxed yet. He pulled me upright and spun me around so that I was facing Rae. She was naked and shiny with sweat, and she stared in lustful approval as Joe took me from behind.

"That's the girl," Rae said. "That's right."

Rae ran her fingers through my hair before gripping it tightly in her fist and guiding my face towards her freshly fucked pussy. She looked down at me, as if daring me. It felt like time stood still for a second.

"Do you want to lick my pussy?" Rae teased.

I didn't need to be asked twice. I buried my

face between my beautiful friend's thighs and lapped at her soaked pussy as Joe continued to fuck me. I noticed that Danny was jerking his cock while watching me go down on his girlfriend. I upped the ante with Rae, sliding a finger inside of her and locating her G-spot. She squirmed and screamed as I finger- and tongue-fucked her. Joe picked up the pace, slamming his rock hard cock into me faster and faster.

I had never been this horny in my entire life!

Joe strummed my clit as he fucked me. He touched me to perfection, so that I came in a matter of seconds on his sweet rod and beneath the finesse of his caress.

Joe nuzzled the back of my neck before nipping me softly. "Thank you for making my fantasy come true," he whispered.

"And mine," I whispered back.

"And ours," said Rae and Danny simultaneously. I pulled away from Joe and Rae and headed to the kitchen. Sex and steaks were the menu, and what a delicious meal it was.

—M.G., Atlanta, Georgia

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▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

ONE NAUGHTY NIGHT

Sometimes the best way to get over a breakup is to fuck the pain away as Mira discovers when she gives in to the thrill of a Sapphic one-night stand.

Simon was out of my life. Ten months of a decent relationship had, as always seemed to happen, sort of petered out. I didn't have apocalyptic breakups. No hysterics or ugly scenes. Things simply wound down, like a motor running out of fuel.

When these endings came, Octavia was always there for moral support. I called her about Simon, and we met for a jog through the hills. I felt like expending some energy.

It was a bright warm day, and we ran the winding trails side by side. Like me, Octavia was lithe and healthy, with a wiry physique. I'd known her since my first day of college, and we'd stayed close friends since. She was, in fact, the only woman with whom I'd ever had a sexual relationship. It had been another of those nine-or-ten-month-long romances, which seemed to be my permanent MO.

While I had stuck with men after that (though I had no regrets about sleeping with her), Octavia had remained a free-spirited lesbian. She flitted from woman to woman; no long-term relationships for her.

"That's what—your eighth guy?" she asked as we kept up a steady pace along the dirt trail.

"Ninth," I said. "Same pattern every time."

"Well, I guess that's what you like. Ten months, seeing someone exclusively. Simon seemed nice."

"He was. We met, saw each other socially for a while. I didn't hop right into bed with him—"

"What if you had?" Octavia cut me off, giving me a sidelong grin. She had a very pretty face. Her short dreads were tied back. "What if, the first time you met him, you fucked his brains out and then walked away. You think you would've enjoyed that?"

Her comment actually made me blush. I had never done what she'd suggested, and she knew it. Even when we'd become lovers, it was only after a suitable courtship.

But my mind grabbed a hold of the fantasy. I recalled the night I had met Simon at a poetry reading a coworker of mine was participating in. What if, instead of

exchanging careful flirtatious talk and phone numbers, I'd seized Simon and dragged him home then and there? My standards told me that should make me feel cheap, but the thought kindled a spark of excitement in me.

We reached the crest of a hill. Octavia, wiping sweat from her forehead, halted and sat on a big stone on the trailside. "Hang on a minute, Mira. Let me tell you a story."

Curious, I sat.

"Before I ever met you," she said, still catching her breath, "I had myself a one-night stand with a man."

I jumped back up. "What?"

HE FINGERED ME HARDER, HIS KNUCKLES GRINDING AGAINST MY CLIT.

"Oh, sit down. Look, I prefer women. I preferred them back then, even. But I had this girlfriend I'd really fallen for, believe it or not, and when she dumped me, it was a gut-punch. I was young and dramatic, so I decided to swear off females for good. For about twenty-four hours I seriously meant it."

I sat back down, trying to absorb all this. It was hard enough imagining Octavia in a serious relationship, but trying to picture her with a man...

"I was too young to go into a bar," Octavia went on, eyes alight with nostalgia, "but I knew where the local bad boys hung out. I put on a leather mini and tit-hugging tube top, and I strutted right up to this corner full of rebels. I was scared, excited, pissed

off, hurt—all at once. But I was determined to have a good time. Something new and different."

I conjured up an image of Octavia in such an erotic outfit, and my somewhat dormant dykey impulses stirred in me. I remembered feasting on this woman's pussy in college, savoring her flavor and wetness.

Octavia gave a little shiver as she relived the pleasant memory. "I saw this one guy. Black hair, tattoos, face like a matinee idol's. I stopped right in front of him, heart beating like a jackrabbit's. I said, 'Let's get out of here! Just like that.'"

She laughed, but I heard excitement in it. This story was turning her on, same as it was me.

"A minute later, I'm on the back of his motorcycle. We go to this seedy motel. He tosses his leather jacket on the floor. I step up to him and pull him down for a kiss. I grind up against him, feeling how hard he is. Remember, I've never seen a guy's cock in real time before, much less held one in my hand. But now I'm yanking down his zipper and reaching in and... and..."

"Was he big?" I blurted.

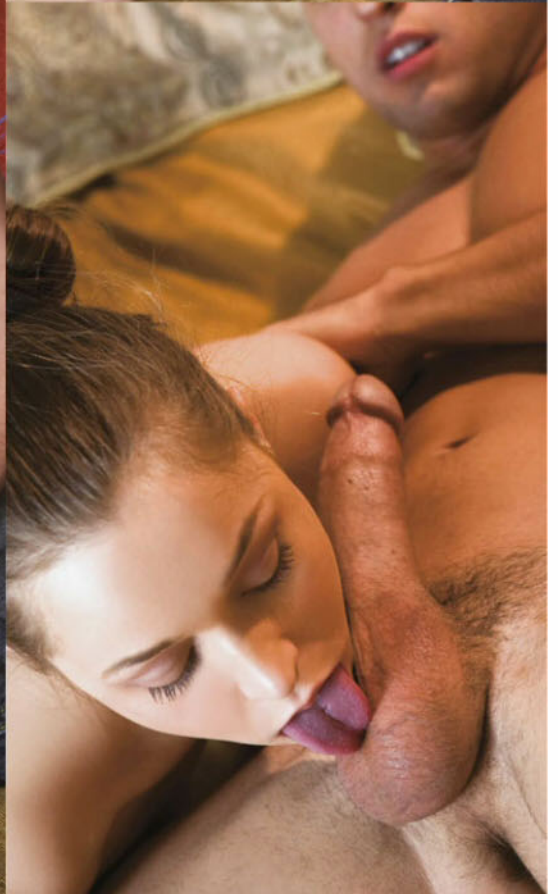
Octavia shrugged. "How the fuck would I know if he was big? What does a lady-lover like me know about cock sizes? But I tell you, Mira, I felt a real thrill as I handled him. His response was so immediate. He groaned, and his cock twitched in my fist, and he started tugging at my clothes."

I pictured everything she said. Her words were magic to me. I leaned in even closer as she continued.

"He stripped down, too. He had one of those bodies you see in male underwear ads. Taut and sculpted and—I admit—beautiful. He gazed rapturously at me, looking me up and down. Then we climbed onto the bed."

In my mind's eye, Octavia was totally nude on a motel bed with a hot, young stud.

"I felt the humming strength of his body. He drew me on top of him, one hand cupping my ass, the other fondling my breast. We kissed again, deep and long. I couldn't believe how excited I was! Maybe it was the novelty.



LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

Maybe I was enjoying my 'revenge' against my ex. But I lay there on him, with his cock pulsing against my belly, and my pussy was positively gushing. Right at that moment, I wanted to fuck him more than anything.

"He started fingering me from behind, two fingers slipping in while his thumb gently flicked my asshole. I clung to him and grunted against his neck. I dug my fingernails into his strong shoulders. He fingered me harder, his knuckles grinding against my clit. I let go with a loud orgasmic cry.

"Like a magic trick, he conjured a condom from the pocket of his discarded jeans. I lifted up, and he rolled it onto his cock. I repositioned myself. He held me about

my waist, guiding me. He remained gentle throughout, like he could sense this was something unusual and special for me.

"Finally, for the first time in my life, I ground down onto him, feeling him penetrate deeper and deeper. It was a strange sensation, I gotta say—but I liked it. I'd had my share of dildos and vibrators, but this was living flesh. I looked down, watching his handsome face twist with pleasure, knowing I was directly responsible for that. At last, I'd taken him all the way. Then..."

"Then," I said breathlessly. "You rode him like a cowgirl!"

"You bet I did. It was so good. I planted

my palms on his solid chest and bucked like crazy. He was thrusting upward into me, timing it perfectly. I slammed down and came. It was intense. Then, when I was still hunkered over him and swaying dizzily, he flipped me onto my back. He set himself on top of me. I was afraid he would crush me, but again he was gentle and considerate. Not that he didn't give me a mad fucking—'cause he did. He started stroking into me. I wrapped his waist instinctively with my thighs, thrusting my hips up against him. He pounded me harder. I put my claws into his shoulders again, hanging on for dear life. I came again and again. It was like he was hammering my orgasms out of me. His



thrusts reached a peak. He penetrated me to my deepest point. Then I felt his come pulse into the tip of the condom. It was another strange sensation. My pussy clutched him through every spurt until his body went limp on top of me."

The sweat of exertion had dried on my body, but my pussy had grown damp. I felt a gnawing sexual hunger—not for Simon, but for what Octavia had experienced with her stranger.

Grinning wickedly, she delivered the killing blow. "You know what my bad boy's name was?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"Neither do I!" She laughed triumphantly.

**"HE WAS
THRUSTING
UPWARD. I
SLAMMED DOWN
AND CAME. IT
WAS INTENSE."**

"I fell asleep in the motel room, and he disappeared on his bike." She hopped up, ready to run again.

I got up slower, dying of envy. I silently promised myself a single night of anonymous lunatic passion like Octavia's, no strings attached.

Unlike the then nineteen-year-old Octavia, who'd flung her fling with the biker boy, I was old enough to go to a bar to seek what I was after. I was also nervous as hell. Did I possess the ability to casually pick someone up—or even be picked up by somebody?

I was going to find out.

I entered an unfamiliar dance club. Music pounded, and colored spotlights whirled. It seemed like a good place for nameless encounters. I could barely hear myself as I ordered a screwdriver at the bar.

Every relationship I'd had was guided by formal preconceptions. All those prim

courting rituals, making sure we really got to know each other first. Never sleep with a guy before the fifth date. Suddenly, it all seemed silly. Despite my nervousness, I felt a trembling sense of adventure. This was my night!

Except, it wasn't working out that way.

The dance music was loud and relentless. Nobody seemed to be standing still. They'd grab a drink, then rush off to one of the dance floors. The festive lighting started to feel disorienting. A few men looked interesting, but I couldn't even be sure we were making eye contact.

The bartender, at least, seemed sympathetic. She had platinum blonde hair cut in a bob and toned pale arms on butch display in the tight black top she wore. Somehow she appeared to sense my dilemma. When I ordered a second drink, she gave my wrist a tender pat. I looked up into

blue eyes, holding her gaze a moment.

As she went off to serve other customers, I gave this thing a last real try. I scouted around and saw a worthwhile male. But when I approached, giving him what I hoped was a coy look, he walked off before I could say anything.

Apparently, I knew how to cautiously flirt, how to let a man know I might be willing to trade phone numbers. But evidently I didn't have the knack for confronting one and saying "Let's get out of here" like Octavia had done. I was disappointed in myself.

The blonde bartender had been replaced by a big man with a shaved head. I was about to bail dejectedly when someone took the barstool immediately next to me. The woman picked up a shot of bourbon that had magically appeared on the bar, knocked it back, and turned to measure me with intense blue eyes that made me shiver.



LETTERS

▾ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

I felt the predatory heat of her gaze through those platinum bangs. Off-duty now, the female bartender reached over and gave my thigh a lustful caress. Her fingertips set my flesh to tingling. My breath quickened. I tried to think of something—anything—flirty to say, but she abruptly stood and tilted her head toward the club's exit.

Wordlessly, I followed her out.

A few stragglers stood in the dim parking area. I stayed on the bartender's black high heels as she strode across the pavement. I had no sure idea where we were going or what was going to happen, but I knew I was aroused. Taut pale legs flashed beneath a pearl-colored skirt. She tapped a remote, and a car flicked its lights as the doors unlocked. So... we were driving somewhere?

Blondie opened the sedan's rear door and

stood aside, obviously waiting for me to climb inside.

My heart raced wildly. My pussy throbbed with anticipation. I'd come here tonight seeking a man, but hell—why not have my fling with this hot woman?

I dove into the back of her car. She hurried in after me and then closed the door.

We went immediately into each other's arms. Our mouths fairly smacked together. Her tongue swarmed all over mine, and I thrust back at hers. I tasted the delicious faint flavor of her lipstick. Her soft body crushed against mine. We squirmed together on the wide backseat.

Her hands closed over my breasts. I groped her tits through the black top, feeling the sharp bullets of her erect nipples. I wanted to lick them. I tore open buttons as

she yanked at my blouse. Both of us topless now, I pressed my face between her heaving breasts, then lapped frantically at one hard nip before turning to gnaw playfully at the other. She groaned loudly, fingers winding in my long dark hair.

By now my pussy was pouring. I fancied I could smell her excitement, too, in the close air of the car. Already the windows had steamed.

She feasted on my nipples, catching them with her teeth, coaxing sharp moans from me as I tugged at her platinum locks.

Finally, I had to have my taste of her. It had been years since I'd last had my tongue inside Octavia, but I remembered her lovely feminine flavor. I wriggled out of the bartender's embrace, seized her skirt and pulled it off her legs. She got the message

**“I CAME AGAIN
AND AGAIN. IT
WAS LIKE HE WAS
HAMMERING MY
ORGASMS OUT
OF ME.”**

and lay back, spreading her thighs. She wore only the black high heels now. Her pussy glistened in the light.

I hunkered between her shapely legs. If she were naturally blonde I would never know, because her crotch was clean-shaven. She gave a fluttering cry of desire as my breath tickled her exposed cleft. I inhaled her perfume, sending a prickling of intense lust through my whole being.

At last, I licked her dripping furrow. Her hips bucked, smearing her wetness across my mouth and chin. Her taste filled my senses. I traced her silken folds with my tongue tip, then speared right up inside her. She cried out, probably loud enough for anybody passing by the car to hear. I didn't care if they did.





Her strong legs clamped tightly my shoulders. The sharp heels dug into my back, and that only made me eat her harder and faster. My tongue was a blur, licking and lapping. I gorged myself on her pussy, as if making up for the long lack of lesbian sex in my life.

But this was more than just reacquainting myself with womanly delights. It was the absolute anonymity of this act that was equally—no, more—exciting for me. I knew nothing about this woman, and here I was in the back of her car muff-diving her like crazy. The delicious thought pulsed in my brain, adding to my pleasure.

She squealed, grabbing my hair again, and this time she ground herself fiercely against my open mouth. I drank her gushing honey, sating my hunger for that luscious pussy flavor.

I let her push me onto my back. She removed my skirt and slid between my open legs. Her pale body was smooth and limber. Her shoulders pressed my thighs even further apart. I waited with quivering anticipation, my pussy alive with desire.

She didn't keep me waiting long. With the first touch of her decadent lips, I was heading toward a tremendous climax. She had a talented mouth. Her tongue did a nimble dance on my folds, spreading, seeking within. She slipped in deep. She caressed my clit, and I felt my hips lifting off the leather seat. I started humping her face. My body swam

with carnal joy. My orgasm was building and building...

But it was when she cupped my ass and lifted me several inches off the seat—spreading my butt cheeks and spearing her tongue right into my asshole—that my climax broke ferociously over me. That slippery tongue on my sensitive hole sent me spinning away into a delirious euphoria. But she didn't stop there. Taking two fingers, she grinned at me as she pushed them into my aching pussy, before going back to licking my asshole. She built up a rhythm until she was fucking me deep and hard. The feeling of her fingers in me and her tongue in my ass was more intense than anything I had ever experienced before.

The car's interior twirled around me for a moment. I saw beads of condensation trickling down the fogged windows. I smelled the piquant fragrance of hot pussy juice. I still tasted her in my mouth and throat. My pussy and asshole throbbed.

But thankfully, we weren't yet done with each other.

As though we'd choreographed this fantastic sexual encounter in advance, we took our places on opposite sides of the backseat. Neatly we slotted our legs, bringing our wet pussies together in the scissor position.

We both sighed as our slick lips pressed together. In a cooperative mutual rhythm, we ground our hips rhythmically. My clit

throbbed with a rekindled ecstasy. I held on to her knee. She grabbed my ankle and started sucking on my toes. We pressed and smeared our pussies together, writhing on that backseat.

Bucking harder and harder against each other, I started to succumb to another massive orgasm. My every muscle seemed to quiver independently. Pleasure tripped from one bundle of nerves to the next, bringing my entire being toward that second climactic jolt. Intense would be an understatement.

She abandoned my toes to utter a fierce cry. We were banging cunts violently enough to shake the car on its springs. I joined her ecstatic howl of victory with one of my own as the ultimate pleasure spilled up over me, engulfing me, drowning me, blissfully bearing me away to the perfect fulfillment of my fantasy.

Eventually, we disengaged and got back into our clothes. She grinned at me, and I grinned back. We even shared a tender parting kiss before I stepped out of her car, and she started up the engine and drove off.

And what was her name? I have no fucking idea.

—M.C., Via Email

We've all got one... tell us about your most unforgettable lay. Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to letters@penthouse.com.



SPOTLIGHT ON

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

SWITCHING TEAMS

Contact play takes on a whole new meaning when two members of opposing teams decide to play together.

Earlier this summer, after resisting the pleas of my coworkers for a while, I finally agreed to join the company's coed softball team. I'd played in college, but it wasn't that experience, or the cajoling of my friends, that got me out on the field. I did it to meet guys. I'd hit a dry spell on the dating front, and I hadn't had sex in—well, longer than I care to admit. I decided that I could continue to wear out my vibrator in my apartment, or I could get out there and make a new friend—one with benefits.

My plan worked, too. Just not the way I expected. Sure, I met some attractive and available guys... but I ultimately hooked up with a girl! I've always been bi-curious, but I had never explored that part of my sexuality. Then I met Tracy on the softball field, and everything changed.

Getting ready for my first game, I tried on the form-fitting black softball pants I'd last worn as a senior on the school team. They still fit, I'm happy to say. Next, I pulled on a snug little crop top, put my long brown hair in a ponytail, and stepped into my old pair of cleats. Finally, I put on a little makeup. The overall effect, when I checked myself out in the mirror, was sporty yet sexy.

"Great," I said to my reflection. "If you embarrass yourself out there, at least you'll look good doing it." Although I enjoyed the sport, I hadn't been a star player. Whatever meager skills I'd mastered were sure to be rusty.

When I arrived at the field, my teammates reminded me that there was nothing to be nervous about. "No pressure," one said. "We're just here to have fun and get some exercise."

Not me. I had more basic instincts in mind. There were some good-looking guys on the other team, and I was determined to get noticed. When I stepped up to the plate in the first inning, I put a good swing on the first pitch and drove the ball toward right field. The guy out there had been playing shallow, and there was no way he was going to catch it. At the last minute, his teammate in centerfield—a girl

whose red shorts showed off her long, athletic legs—raced over to make the catch. I was impressed. As she threw the ball back in, she caught my eye and gave a nod. I returned it as I jogged back to the dugout, intrigued by the tingling in my stomach. She was cute, and she seemed to have taken an interest in me.

An inning later, I was playing second base when the same chick came to bat. Her short blonde hair peeked out from the edges of her batting helmet. Our eyes met for a moment, and the earth seemed to shift.

She drilled a liner to my left. I dove, missed,

**"WITH A LOOK
OF LUST ON
HER FACE, SHE
CAME UP AND
KISSED ME."**

and she pulled up safely at second on those gorgeous legs of hers.

"Nice try. You almost got to it," she said, extending a hand to help me up.

"Thanks." I dusted myself off. "You hit that ball hard."

She gazed at me with a gleam in her eye. "Don't see too many people diving in this league. Hey, you missed a spot," she added, brushing her hand over the seat of my pants. Whether I really had any dirt back there, I'll never know.

"Instinct took over, I guess," I managed to say.

She removed her helmet and ran a hand through her hair while giving me the once-over. There was something exciting in her bold appraisal, something so promiscuous

that my pussy began to ache.

"You looked good, laying out for the ball like that," she ventured.

I think I may have blushed. Just to say something, I blurted, "I'm Lorena."

She smiled, and there was no mistaking the carnal interest in her green eyes now. Putting her helmet back on, she said, "I'm Tracy." She shot me one last look that melted me from the inside out.

Damn, she's hot, I thought to myself. You're falling for this girl. Thinking back, Tracy must have seen the same unadulterated lust in my gaze that I detected in hers.

She had me bewitched from that point on. The remainder of the game passed in a blur, as I was preoccupied with the connection I'd made with Tracy.

About a week later, we faced off in a Friday night game. Sparks flew between us like never before. In the final inning, Tracy was playing catcher for her team when I slid into home plate, trying to score the winning run. The ball and I arrived at about the same time. Tracy and I wound up in a tangle of arms and legs, shrouded briefly in a cloud of dust. The umpire, none too pleased by my aggressive style of play, called me out. I didn't care; all I could think about was the sexy girl sprawled half on top of me.

Tracy chuckled as we helped each other up. "You okay?"

"Yeah. You?"

"Fine." She took off her catcher's mitt, straightened her tank top, and brushed at her shorts. "You know they frown on contact plays in this league, right?"

I grinned sheepishly. "Sorry."

"No, you're not," Tracy said, offering a grin of her own. "And neither am I."

The game was over; my team had lost. Nevertheless, I was a happy girl when I discovered, a little while later, that Tracy and I were the only two people still hanging around. Everyone else had gone home. The lights were still on, but the ball field was otherwise abandoned.

"So I'm guessing you played in school, right?" Tracy was standing by the third-base



dugout, where she'd just finished securing the bases and other equipment in the Parks and Rec chest.

"Yeah, a couple years," I said.

"Me, too. I love this game."

We sat on the dugout bench and spent a few minutes getting to know each other. Tracy and I were about the same age, and we shared many similarities. We didn't talk about our backgrounds for very long, though. The tension between us was thick and demanded resolution.

"You wanna go somewhere?" I asked.

She shrugged. "We could. Or we could just stay here a while." A coy grin spread across her face.

My breath caught in my throat.

"Why don't you kiss me already?" she queried, leaning in close.

I put my arm around her. The look in her eyes was electric. Her hand went to the back of my neck as our lips met.

The dugout had an actual wall and a roof, rather than a mere chain-link fence, so we

had a measure of privacy as we clung to one another on the bench. Tracy was mightily turned on, as was I, and our mutual urgency would not allow for a change in venue. I was tentative at first, but our first kiss felt so good, so right, that I pressed my lips to Tracy's a second time. This kiss lasted much longer. I felt her hands slide down my back and settle at my waist as our kiss grew more passionate.

"I'm sort of new at this," I confessed, suddenly afraid I might disappoint her.

Tracy laughed. "I knew that the moment I first saw you," she said. "Follow your instincts, like you do on the field." We resumed French-kissing as a new wave of desire surged through me. My cunt was dripping wet, and we hadn't even taken our clothes off.

Suddenly, the lights went out. The softball field was plunged into darkness, as was the dugout. Tracy giggled. "They're on a timer," she said, her voice breathless. The lights might have been automatic, but our lust was not.

She started tugging on my sport top, and

in a moment my breasts were free. Tracy's eager hands caressed my tits and made my breath quicken. I helped her out of her shirt, too, and discovered that Tracy didn't wear a bra. Her breasts, small but shapely, filled my hands like a pair of firm, ripe apples. I traced their outline with my fingertips, thrilled to be feeling up another woman for the first time in my life. Her nipples stiffened into points at my touch. I could even feel the exuberant beating of her heart. She was breathing hard as she nibbled on my neck and ran her fingers through my hair.

Then Tracy dipped lower so she could kiss and suck my boobs, which made me moan. When she came up for air I hugged her to me, chest to chest. Our breasts rubbed together with delightful smoothness. I had to take those cute little mounds between my lips. Tracy saw what I was up to and arched her back, pushing her breasts into my mouth. She cupped the back of my head and breathed out a deep, heartfelt "oh, yeah" when I tried lightly biting her nipples. I've

SPOTLIGHT ON

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL



always liked that myself, and now I knew I wasn't alone. I had Tracy trembling and moaning in no time, as if I'd been kissing and nipping at girls' boobs for years.

Tracy had me lie back on the bench. The wood was smooth and warm beneath my back. I bunched up my shirt beneath my head and gazed up at the dugout ceiling, acutely conscious of the evening's summer breeze caressing my naked skin.

When Tracy popped the snaps at the waistband of my softball pants, a tremor of nervous anticipation raced through me. I thought, *Are you ready for this?* My very next thought was, *Hell yes!*

My companion pulled my pants down past my knees, then hooked her thumbs under the sides of my thong underwear. I thought she'd yank them down pronto, but she paused to press her face into the fabric and breathe in my scent. My pussy quivered at this audacious move, and my panties dampened with more evidence of my arousal. Tracy made an appreciative sound and nuzzled me for a few seconds longer before finally tugging the thong down my thighs.

"Ooh, what a pretty pussy," she said, brushing her fingertips across my neatly trimmed bush. "I figured you for a Brazilian wax. This is even better." She kissed me there, and a moment later her tongue was inside me, probing boldly between the folds of my sex. With an involuntary jerk, my back

"I FOUND MYSELF STARING AT TRACY'S BUSH FROM POINT-BLANK RANGE."

arched off the bench. I sat up halfway on my elbows and looked down the length of my body to see, dimly in the gloom, Tracy's small, straight nose nestled in my pubic hair. I could just about see her lips on my vulva, too, and I even caught a glimpse of her tongue in action when she touched the tip to my clit. *Jesus, that looks as good as it feels*, I thought to myself, and then, as a rush of elation swept over me, I repeated it out loud.

I saw the crinkle of laugh lines at Tracy's eyes as she responded to my remark, but her lips never came off my pussy. She kept at her task, enthusiastically eating me until I could barely stand another second. And yet I wanted more. I wanted as much as she

could give, as intensely as she could give it. I bucked my hips at her, bouncing my ass off the bench to grind my pussy against her hungry mouth. Her muffled moans mingled with my own cries as a beautiful orgasm crashed over me. Tracy circled her arms around my thighs and held my cunt tight to her face while I rode her face to climax. Eventually, I finally collapsed back against the bench. I sort of swooned there for a minute, but then I collected my wits and demanded to reciprocate.

Tracy licked her glistening lips. With a look of pure lust on her face, she came up and kissed me deeply. Then she stood beside the bench, and I eased her elastic-waist shorts down to her ankles. Her panties went down at the same time, so I found myself staring at Tracy's silky blonde bush from point-blank range. She took my head in her hands and urged me to her crotch. "Put your tongue inside me," she said, her voice strained with desperation. "I need it so bad!"

I reached around to grab her ass while I cuddled up to her pussy. The richness of her scent was intoxicating. I stuck out my tongue and dipped it into her cleft, getting my first taste of girl juice. Tracy shuddered with pleasure. "That's good," she murmured as she pushed her labia more firmly against my mouth. My zeal rose, and I probed more deeply into my companion's velvety recesses. Soon I zeroed in on her clit. Tracy cried out and grabbed fistfuls of my hair as I started flicking my tongue rapidly against her sensitive button. She raised one foot and planted it on the bench, half-straddling my shoulders; now her box was right over my face and I could explore it more adroitly. While still sucking her clit, I slipped a finger into her hole and began pumping in and out. Tracy responded with a yowl of pleasure. I slid a finger inside her asshole while I continued lapping at her wet pussy. Tracy gripped my hair tighter as I pumped her asshole with my finger. Jerking her hips against my face, she lasted only a few minutes more before tensing up all over and coming hard. I rubbed my lips in her feminine nectar and continued to tweak her clit while her climax ran its course.

"Wow, girl!" she said breathlessly when it was over. "You sure you've never done that before?"

I felt exalted as I drove home that night.

I had Tracy's number in my phone, and she had mine. We hadn't made any plans before saying good-night, but I knew I'd be hearing from her soon.

The following day was Saturday, and Tracy's text came around noon. She asked if I wanted to go with her to see a movie at the drive-in theater. I hadn't been there in years; we had a modern theater in town. But if she wanted to hit the old drive-in, I was game. "Sounds like fun," I wrote back. She said she'd pick me up at seven. I texted her the directions to my place.

Summer storm clouds were building over the distant plains when Tracy pulled up in her old truck. I figured it had to be older than both of us combined, and Tracy confirmed this as I climbed in beside her. "My dad bought it new in 1965," she said. "He gave it to me when I got my driver's license. I like working on it, keeping it up."

We chugged up the interstate for a few miles, barely making the speed limit. Vast cornfields on both sides of the highway turned golden with sunset light, then lost their color as dusk fell.

"Drive-ins are becoming extinct," explained Tracy as we pulled into the lot. "There are only a few hundred left. I love coming here. For me, though, it's not really about the movie. At least, not tonight." She glanced my way with a rakish grin. "Drive-ins are awesome for making out."

I laughed and took her hand. "More than that, even."

She liked that remark. Leaning across the bench seat, she kissed me fiercely. I could feel her passion rising with mine.

We bought a couple of tickets, and Tracy parked the truck in the very back row of spaces to maximize our privacy. The lot was barely half full anyway, but now we could do whatever we wanted.

The movie started when the evening grew dark, but Tracy and I lost interest in the flick after about ten minutes. We were too intent in getting it on with each other. I came out of the gate rather aggressively this time, backing Tracy into a corner of the cab while feverishly making out with her. She giggled and threw her arms around me, clearly delighted by my newfound confidence. The next few minutes were pretty much a heavy groping session as we stroked and pawed each other's body, all without breaking our lip-lock. I lifted Tracy's

shirt so I could get at her bare breasts, then promptly lowered my lips to each of her nipples in turn. Remembering how she'd responded to the light pressure of my teeth during our last encounter, I employed the technique again. She moaned softly while her nipples hardened into stiff peaks. She was not, however, too distracted to get my shorts open and slip her hand inside the front. I could feel her fingers inching down my mons pubis, desperately trying to get to my cleft. My shorts weren't loose enough for that, so Tracy withdrew her hand and tried to tear the offending garment off my body. I took a moment to help her out, and in no time I was nude from the waist down. My own acute desire compelled me to get Tracy's shorts off, too. She'd opted to go commando tonight, which made my next goal that much easier.

Tracy turned sideways on the bench seat and slumped down until she was almost lying flat, with her head resting against the door. She let her knees fall open and gazed at me with intense desire in her eyes. I looked at her tight, athletic body clad only in a T-shirt and sneakers, and felt my own ardor escalate. Light from the big movie screen flickered across her willowy thighs. The lips of her sex, slightly open and glistening, peeked

out from her furry blonde bush. Seized with equal parts inspiration and desire, I turned around and knelt over Tracy in the other direction, with one knee on the seat and the other down near the floorboards. It took some doing, but that old truck of hers had just enough room in the cab for two fit, flexible girls to fashion a 69 together. Of course, we were cramped, but if you think we cared or even noticed, guess again!

My ass was up high, and my pussy was right in front of Tracy's face. Meanwhile, her juicy bits were directly below my mouth. I curled my hands under her ass and pressed my lips to her slit. She shuddered and jerked her hips up at me, smearing her wetness against my chin. I felt her hands on my bottom, and then a playful slap on both cheeks. One second later came the exquisite touch of her tongue on my private parts. I squirmed atop her, eager for more. She held me open with two fingers and lapped away at my groove while I did the same to her, and soon our moans filled the truck.

Then things grew even more magical.

When Tracy pushed her thumb against my anus, I gasped with unexpected pleasure. "Ooh, that feels good," I said, rocking against her. Encouraged, she slipped a



SPOTLIGHT ON

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

finger inside my tiny hole, and she wrapped her lips around my clitoris at the same time. I shuddered at the flurry of sensations, aware that a massive climax was building like a storm cell inside me. Rededicating myself to Tracy's cunt, I dashed my tongue back and forth against her clit until she was writhing beneath me. Her arousal crested like an ocean wave and crashed upon her with sudden fierceness. Her mouth came off my vulva for a moment while she fought for breath, but then I felt her again back there, enthusiastically licking and sucking my clit while her digit plugged my backside. Within half a minute, I was coming, too. I sealed my lips against Tracy's slit to muffle my joyous scream, which might have shattered the windshield if left unchecked.

Sweaty and supremely happy, I turned

around so I could lay atop Tracy face-to-face. We shared a sloppy kiss. She toyed with my hair while stretching out one leg along the seat. She put her other foot up on the dash. As we continued necking and petting one another in a post-coital glow, I found some delicious stimulation coming from down below. Our legs were scissored together, and Tracy's smooth thigh was rubbing against my pussy to marvelous effect. Giggling, I squirmed a little to increase the friction. Tracy moaned and flexed beneath me, having taken note of my inner thigh massaging her cunt. We couldn't have arranged things better if we'd tried. Gradually, our movements became more pronounced, and we fell into a delicious rhythm. Her thigh felt so good against my pussy, and I ground my clit against her skin with a technique that

was improving fast. As we grinded against each other, we kissed passionately. The way Tracy's mouth felt on mine was orgasmic in itself, so soft, hot and wet.

Then Tracy, whose breath had quickened again, maneuvered her body a bit, and we found that we could rub our cunts together, clit to clit. It was the most amazing feeling, and it drove me wild. We clung desperately to each other and humped away like that for several delirious minutes, making the truck bounce noisily on its shocks. We even managed to fog up the windows a little.

"Oh, Lorena, keep doing that, keep going, I'm going to come!" Tracy mashed her pussy against mine and succumbed to another lengthy climax as our juices mingled. We rutted and squirmed together for a minute or two more until I, too, lost myself in a powerful

**"MY ASS WAS UP
HIGH, AND MY
PUSSY WAS IN
FRONT OF
TRACY'S FACE."**

orgasm. I sobbed into Tracy's neck and she held me tight until I came back to Earth.

We could have stayed and watched the remainder of the movie, but instead we raced back to Tracy's apartment and made love all night.

Thanks to Tracy, I've embraced a new appreciation for drive-ins—and a renewed interest in softball, but these days we play on the same team.

—L.B., Via Email

Ever experimented with girls? Like a bit of the ole' tongue in groove? Tell us all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to letters@penthouse.com.





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INSATIABLE

SEXY JESSIE SAYS SHE CAN'T GET ENOUGH,
BUT ALAN AND DANE ARE UP TO THE CHALLENGE





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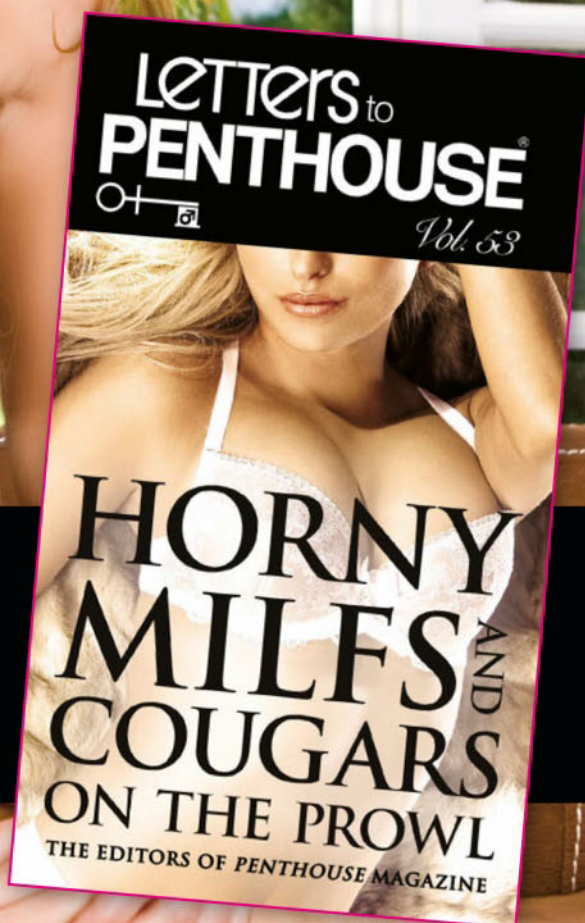






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UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE 

STORM OF PASSION

An adventurous ex-pat finds the answer to her loneliness in the arms of a dashing stranger.

By Mercedes Weatherfield

Cairo overwhelmed me. It wasn't just the ancient ruins and monuments, spectacular as they are. No, what really overwhelmed me was the sheer size and vitality of the city. At least 15 million people are crammed into an endless maze of streets—millions more people than live in any city in America or Europe. Robed Bedouins talking on cell phones to stockbrokers in Hong Kong. Berbers in aviator sunglasses driving donkey carts. Men in turbans, fezzes, baseball caps. Women veiled head to foot, walking side by side with chic Westernized women in high heels and designer clothes. There are bazaars and marketplaces, grand hotels and even grander mosques, casinos, nightclubs, cafés by the hundred—and the traffic, the noise! It's an impossible city, but it's also irresistible. Within a day or two, I was in love with the place.

I came to Egypt late in the spring, to teach English at one of the prep schools that catered to the children of diplomats and wealthy businessmen. That was the official reason I was in Cairo, anyway. The more personal reason is because I'd recently ended a long-term love affair back in New Orleans, and I wanted to make a clean break with things and get a fresh perspective on my life. When I heard about the opportunity to teach in Cairo for the summer, I jumped at the chance and applied for the job.

I was supposed to start teaching in June, a couple of weeks after I arrived in Egypt. The school had reserved a small apartment for me on campus, but it wouldn't be available until a few days before the term began.

That was just as well, because I loved the hotel I was staying in. Built at the turn of the century, at the height of British imperialism, it was an imposing white building with a dusty lobby fitted out with rattan furniture and potted palms. I had a suite on the top floor, and to get there I had to take an antique elevator, a sort of mesh cage that ascended as slowly as drifting smoke. As I passed each

floor, anyone who cared to could look right up my skirt.

My room was large and charmingly shabby, with a high ceiling and shuttered windows that opened onto a small balcony. The view alone was worth the price of the room. Spread out beneath me in every direction were the gold and pink and sand-colored domes and rooftops of Cairo. Close at hand, the twin minarets of the El Hussein mosque towered nearly 300 feet into the air. And further off, on the gleaming Nile, I could see dhows and white-sailed feluccas sailing up and down the river.

**"I WAS
BREATHLESS
WITH THE BLISS
THAT WAS RISING
INSIDE ME."**

My first night at the hotel, I was so jet-lagged and over-excited that I had a hard time getting to sleep. After tossing and turning until three in the morning, I finally decided to masturbate in the hope that after I came, I'd be able to rest.

Lying there naked on the bed, with a slowly turning ceiling fan creaking overhead, I sat up and began arousing myself. Lifting one of my large breasts to my mouth, I bent and started sucking on the gumdrop-like nipple. After a minute or two, I switched to my other breast and continued sucking until I was wet between my legs, the growing ache in my pussy calling me to more serious action.

After I lay back against the pillows again, I licked my fingertips and got to work on my clitoris. I kept rotating my fingers on my swollen button, first in one direction and then the other. I felt prickly heat spreading through my cunt and radiating throughout my body, and my clit was tingling, but every time an orgasm approached, it just as quickly receded and faded. It was like waiting for an oncoming wave to sweep me away—a wave that almost but never quite broke. My body was bathed in sweat from the maddening exertion.

Out of sheer stubbornness, I persisted in diddling myself until a short, hard burst of pleasure flared within me. I arched my back and cried out loudly, letting the sensations rock me. At long last, I turned onto my side and drifted off.

I spent most of the next day exploring the narrow streets of Cairo. I hadn't the faintest idea where I was going, but by chance I wandered into the Khan al-Khalili, the largest souk in Egypt. It's been a thriving marketplace for more than 600 years, with hundreds of little stalls and booths selling everything from priceless Persian carpets to powdered aphrodisiacs. Set in a shadowy maze of alleys and passageways, the souk was thronged with people and the air was saturated with the smell of cardamom-scented coffee and cheap, flowery perfume.

Late in the afternoon, I finally wandered out of the market and made my way toward a nearby cafe. But when I entered the place and tried to take a seat, an officious little man rushed over and barred my way. Gesturing with his hands, he rattled off something in Arabic, but I couldn't understand a word he said.

And then one of the customers sitting nearby stood up and came to my rescue. Too flustered to do more than glance at him, I had a brief impression of a darkly handsome man in a crisp white shirt.

"Madame," he said gravely. "Can I assist you?"



EROTICA

"Yes, please do. I'd like a table, that's all."

He gave me a sympathetic smile and said, "But this cafe doesn't serve women, I'm afraid."

Flushing with embarrassment, I said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize..."

"Of course not. Please—let me show you to another place."

Why was I so compliant? Why did I let a complete stranger take me by the arm and walk me down the street? Certainly I wouldn't have behaved that way at home, but then this wasn't the United States and I couldn't help feeling a rush of gratitude toward him for coming to my aid. And besides, at second and third glance, he was even more good-looking than I'd first realized. About my age, I guessed, in his late thirties, he had neatly combed black hair and walnut-brown skin, and his dark piercing eyes were exquisite. His features were strongly masculine, and he radiated an air of confidence and composure.

We wound up sitting together in another café just a block away. At his suggestion, I

ordered a cup of karkedeh, or hibiscus leaf tea, and we spent a half-hour chatting and smoking acrid Turkish cigarettes. His name, he told me, was Khalid, and he worked as a newspaper journalist. He'd been educated in London, he said, and his English was impeccable although at times a bit formal and stilted. When I told him I was from New Orleans, his eyes lit up.

"Ah—jazz," he said eagerly. "Mr. Louis Armstrong."

What a lovely man, I thought, suppressing a smile. I nodded and said, "Yes, that's right."

When it came time for me to leave, Khalid asked me if he could show me around Cairo the next day. Given his kindness and courtly manners—and yes, his astonishingly good looks—I was more than happy to accept his offer. Gathering up my things, I told him the name of my hotel and then he escorted me out to the street and hailed a passing cab.

"Tomorrow, then," he said. "About noon?"

"Yes, that's perfect."

Giving him my warmest smile, I stepped

into the taxi and then smoothed down my skirt and settled back in the seat. As the cab took off down the street, I closed my eyes and started daydreaming about Khalid. He had such lovely golden bronze skin, whereas I'm ivory. Naked, side by side, we'd look beautiful together, I thought. In my mind, I pictured his hands on my breasts, and then his mouth on my pussy, slipping his tongue inside while I held myself open with my fingertips.

Snapping out of it, I opened my eyes and glanced down at my bust. I could tell that my nipples had gotten hard. They weren't showing through my dress, but I felt them pressing and tingling against the lacy cups of my bra. I crossed my legs and flexed my inner muscles. Not only was my pussy sticky-wet, but my clitoris was pulsing, and I spent a moment debating with myself whether or not I should masturbate when I got back to my room. But then I thought, *Don't make yourself any hornier than you already are. Let it go...*

Promptly at noon the next day, Khalid picked me up at my hotel. He was driving an old black Citroën, buffed to a high polish, with brown leather seats and a little fan swiveling back and forth on the dashboard. To get me oriented, he first drove up into the Muqattam Hills, where we lunched on chicken tagine at an open-air restaurant that looked down on the city. Pointing out this or that landmark—the fabulous Blue Mosque, the Hanging Church in the old Coptic Quarter—he talked with evident pride about the city's rich history.

"But don't let me bore you," he said with a smile. "Tell me if I go on too long."

"Don't be silly. You couldn't bore me if you tried," I responded. I meant every word I said. I found him charming and couldn't have asked for a better guide.

After we finished eating, we drove through one of the oldest parts of Cairo, the Fustat District, and then through downtown and over to the Nile, where Khalid hired a felucca to take us on a cruise along the river. Sitting together in the stern of the little craft, with his arm around my waist and my auburn hair ruffling in the breeze, I fairly purred with happiness. I was dressed more modestly than I would have been back in the States—not even a smidgen of cleavage showing, and very little leg—but reflected in Khalid's eyes, I felt sexy and radiant.



“MY ORGASM SPARKED IN AN INSTANT, LIKE A SHARP MATCH STRIKE.”

Night had settled down over the city when we finally got back to my hotel. I was hoping Khalid would kiss me hard. I mean, right on my mouth, but instead he gave me a polite peck on the cheek and asked if he could call me again.

“By all means,” I said, smiling. “And thanks so much, Khalid. I had a wonderful time.”

That kiss I’d been hoping for finally happened a few nights later. We’d gone out to a nightclub in downtown Cairo, and afterward, walking me up the steps of my hotel, he took me in his arms and kissed me full on the mouth. It was a long, long kiss—the first real kiss I’d had in ages—and it left me shaken and breathless. Without saying a word, I held him tightly by the hand and led him through the lobby and over to the elevator.

Upstairs in my room, with the lights off and moonlight flooding in through the open window, I lifted my hair off my neck and asked him to unzip my dress. As he pulled the zipper down to the curve of my rear end, I could feel the cool evening breeze on my bare back, and then he ran his fingers up my spine and unfastened my bra.

With a shrug of my shoulders, my dress went sliding down my body and settled in a silken puddle around my feet. Taking off my bra, I dropped it beside my dress and then sat down on the bed. In a sort of dreamy daze, I took off my heels and my wristwatch, my earrings and bracelets; and when there was nothing left to remove except my panties, I slipped beneath the sheets and slid out of my underwear.

Not long afterward, Khalid was standing



by the bed, naked and erect, with his bronze skin gleaming in the moonlight. Flat-bellied, narrow in the hips and broad through the shoulders, he had a muscular chest adorned with dark brown nipples. Down below, rising out of a nest of black pubic hair, his large, hammer-hard penis was as smooth as burnished wood and as darkly complected as the rest of his body.

Throwing back the sheets, I beckoned him to join me. He did, and I gathered him into my arms and then spread my legs and let out a long-drawn sigh. His penis fit my pussy perfectly, stretching me just enough to send flickers of tension and sexiness into my thighs. And once he settled into me up to his balls, I could feel his glans nudging my cervix. I hadn’t had sex in many months, and those first moments when he filled up my empty pussy moved me so deeply that my eyes misted over.

Murmuring something to me in Arabic, Khalid kissed me gently on my mouth. I love

kissing better than almost anything, and to be kissed that softly, with his erection ensconced inside my body, enraptured me completely.

We started fucking at a firm, steady pace. The room was silent but for the sound of our breathing and the wet noise of his plundering of my sloppy pussy. My breasts were jigging, but as Khalid began thrusting more vigorously, my tits rocked mesmerizingly in time with his thrusts.

Eventually, Khalid’s penis was darting in and out of my cunt at a terrific speed. I was terribly aroused and responding to him fully. My lust was spiraling upward at a steady rate, and I was nearly breathless with the bliss that was rising inside me. But what I really wanted to feel at that moment was the pulse and throb of his cock as he reached his release within the pliant walls of my quivering sex.

“Come for me, Khalid,” I finally whispered.

Filled up with his cock and equally filled with emotion, I flexed my vagina around his

EROTICA

penis, tightening up my core and caressing his shaft with the velvet of my pussy, until at last he surrendered and filled me with his cream. Khalid continued thrusting in and out of my body, grinding his hips against me and striking my clit just so. My orgasm sparked in an instant, like a sharp match strike, and my cries of delight melded with his, creating a joined chorus of ecstasy. Our coupling was the perfect anecdote to the emptiness that I had been feeling. My connection with my

brand-new lover fulfilled me in ways I hadn't even known I'd been craving. But I did know that I wanted more. I wanted everything he could give me for the short time that we would have together.

Shortly after that night, Khalid told me he wanted me to see "the other Egypt," as he put it—the Egypt of his ancestors. And the next weekend, a few days before I was supposed to start teaching, he rented a Land Rover and took me on a long trip out into the

desert. Our goal was the Bahariya Oasis, a couple of hundred miles to the southwest of Cairo. We left the city well before dawn, and not long after crossing the Nile, we were in the desert and moving along a macadam road beneath the vast dome of the sky. Sand dunes stretched away as far as the eye could see, some of them hundreds of feet high. The heat was blistering and relentless and yet oddly sensual—it slowed me down like a narcotic and left me dazed and horny.

Late in the afternoon, the road began descending along a rocky escarpment, down into a deep depression in the desert floor, where the Bahariya Oasis was spread out for miles. Coming from the harshness of the desert, it was a different world entirely—all green and lush, with spring-fed pools surrounded by date palms and apricot trees, and groves of olives and oranges and mangoes.

Smiling happily, I touched Khalid's arm and said, "Goodness—it's like paradise!"

"Wait till you see the stars at night," he told me. "Millions of them, shining like diamonds."

There was an old village hidden within the oasis, with houses made of mud bricks baked to the hardness of cement. In the village square, a dozen or so hobbled camels were lying on the ground, parked in the shade of overhanging palm trees. They had gorgeous long-lashed eyes and the disdainful look of snooty women.

There was a little inn facing the square, made of the same mud bricks as the other buildings. Khalid rented us a room, and after we finished unpacking our gear, we stripped naked and lay down to take a rest. Both of us were too tired to make love, so we quickly dozed off, holding hands.

I don't know how long I slept, but sometime later, I came awake with a violent start. The room was dark and a furious wind was shrieking through the trees outside. I'd never heard such a sound—it was a high, keening, dreadful noise, and it scared me so much that I clapped my hands over my ears.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I could see Khalid on the other side of the room, stuffing rags and scraps of newspapers beneath the door. Frightened out of my wits, I stumbled off the bed and went running over to him. The floor beneath my bare feet was gritty with blown sand, and the wind was howling so loudly that I had to





shout to get Khalid's attention.

"What is it?" I yelled. "What's going on?"

Putting his mouth close to my ear, he shouted, "It's the Khamseen. The burning wind. But don't worry—we'll be all right here."

The Khamseen: the very word made my blood run cold. He was talking about one of the horrifying sandstorms that sweep in from the Sudan and sometimes rage for days. If we'd been caught on the road when the storm arrived, we might well have been buried beneath the drifting sand.

"Come to bed," I pleaded. "I'm scared, Khalid!"

When we lay down together, he wrapped his arms around me and held me close. I could feel his penis gradually stiffening against my thigh, and my fear was quickly replaced by lust. Angling my body just so, I placed the head of his cock against my opening and then wiggled around until he slipped into my pussy. We rocked together, moving our bodies slowly and rhythmically, but soon we each needed something more.

After a moment, he pulled out of me and turned me over onto my stomach. The next thing I knew, he'd parted my cheeks and began lovingly tonguing my back hole. I'd never had someone do that to me before, and the fluttering and flicking against my sensitive opening made me desperately turned on. While Khalid licked my asshole, I reached down and played with my clit. I couldn't help myself. I needed something more. I wanted to come so bad. Khalid teased me until I was practically begging him to put his cock in my ass. I didn't have to wait long. Khalid repositioned himself and thrust into my pussy a few more times to coat his

hard-on with my abundant honey. Then he parted my cheeks once more and worked his slickened dick into my rear passage.

Khalid's thickness meant he had to strain to get his knob inside me. The shock of his entry made me feel like a virgin. His insistence and unyielding advance thrilled me to my core. Once he was fully seated, he paused. I could feel his erection pulsing wildly within the confines of my ass. My opening gradually relaxed, accommodating his sturdy staff. I took a deep breath that I released slowly. Khalid must have sensed my surrender because that's when he began to actively thrust in and out of my asshole. Each time his pelvis slapped against my fleshy ass cheeks, I experienced an overwhelming wave of pleasure. I needed more, and I needed it now. Resting on my elbows, I began to rock backward to meet each of his thrusts. My cries raised in volume as he repeatedly reamed my back hole.

"Yes, do it to me!" I yelled. "Take my ass!"

As he grabbed my hips and began thrusting in earnest, the dull throbbing ache in my rear end turned into an exquisite torment. The continual swat of his pendulous balls against my vulva was edging me ever closer to a stunning climax. I could feel it swelling inside me. Then Khalid surprised me by gripping a fistful of my hair into his hand and pulling as she thrust deep inside me. My pussy felt like it was on fire! I was tingling all over. I wanted him as deep and hard inside me as was humanly possible. I moaned and screamed as he took me from behind.

While Khalid fucked my ass, the screeching wind rose up another octave,

"I WAS STILL BUCKING AND COMING WHEN KHALID CALLED OUT MY NAME."

and the fury of the raging storm got into my blood and drove me into a frenzy. Long before my orgasm arrived—even when it was way off in the distance, just a small wave not even cresting—I knew it would rush through my body and shatter me into pieces. Right before I climaxed, I threw a wild glance over my shoulder.

In a stunned voice, I said, "You angel—you're making me come!"

In a voice just as choked with emotion, he told me I deserved every bit of pleasure the world had to offer, and precisely at that moment, my anus tightened around his cock and an orgasm as bright as burning phosphorus shot through me. I was still bucking and coming when Khalid called out my name and sent his semen shooting into my behind.

The Khamseen howled all night; but in the morning, the storm had passed. I was safe in Khalid's arms, no longer afraid of anything. ☯



LETTERS

CLUSTERFUCKS

BIG BANG

I grew up in a gritty former mill town in the northeast, and my first memories of women were the tough, sexy broads that worked with my mom at the church. Yes, the church. Those nice Christian ladies who'd do stuff like cook for the priests, type the church bulletin, and occasionally go shopping for the nuns. You'd think they'd all be dowdy and mean-looking, but they were hot.

My favorite "old lady"—she must have been all of 28 at the time—was Rhonda. Rhonda was sexy but proper. She didn't wear miniskirts like the teen girls did. Instead, she wore these form-hugging dresses to church. I had the most impossible crush on her daughter, Amy, who was three years older than me and really starting to look like her mom, who was a knockout.

When our families would go on beach

vacations together, cramming into these skanky rental houses, the kids would go off and play. We had no idea what the adults were doing. It wasn't until years later that we found out that our parents—including those proper, decent, sexy-as-fuck church ladies—were all swingers.

After I graduated high school, I went as far west as I could without falling in the ocean. I'd see my parents at Christmas, along with their friends and their friends' daughters, who all stayed back east and turned our mill town into a MILF town, but I still never suspected a thing.

That changed this past January. My father was taking down the Christmas tree, when he apparently had a heart attack. Even though Mom had passed a few years earlier, my father kept up all the traditions for the adoring handful of grandkids my dutiful sisters had made for him. I got the bad news via a call from Charlie, Rhonda's husband. That's how close that group was.

I flew back for the funeral which, if you know Irish funerals, was as much about drunken laughter and food and merriment as it was about tears. At one point, I invited my father's friends back to his place for yet another toast in his honor. Rhonda gave me a big hug, and we clinked our whiskey glasses.

"May I talk with you a minute, Frank?" she asked, clutching my bicep. She guided me into my dad's study, where he kept a beat-up but undeniably masculine leather couch.

She sat down on it next to me, her body still banging at—what, 62?

"Sure, Mrs.—" I said.

"You'd better call me Rhonda," she interrupted, "because I'm about to blow your fucking mind."

"Okay, Rhonda."

"First off," she said, "you look just like your dad."

"Thank you."

"He was a handsome man," she said.

I was becoming a little uncomfortable. *Can these old suit pants handle an erection?*

"Thank you," I responded somewhat nervously.

"And he had a huge cock," she said, looking me right in the eye.

"Whoa!"

"You heard me," she said. "Now don't spill your drink, Frank. Your dad fucked just about every woman in this house, and he fucked them well."

It was difficult to focus at this point for several reasons. One, I was a little drunk. Two, we'd all been crying and eating and laughing for two days, and crying some more. Three, Rhonda—my first not-so-innocent unrequited crush—had her hand in my lap and was stroking my growing dick through my pants as casually as if she were scraping food off a plate before she loaded the dishwasher. Finally, four, I happened to look up in time to lock eyes with Amy standing in the doorway. Did she see her mother giving me a handjob through my pants? I don't know, but she came over and sat down. Amy looked exactly like her mom had, except for the tattoos that peeked out from under her tight mourning dress.

"Your dad..." Amy said.

"No way!" I said.

"Yup," she said. "He was my 18th birthday present. Took me out to dinner, brought me back here and fucked me right on this couch."



I've come a lot on this couch, Frank."

"We both did," said Rhonda, and mother and daughter slapped five over my head like a couple of frat brothers.

"But what about Charlie?" I said, incredulous. How far did this web stretch?

"I'd say he was your mom's favorite," Rhonda said. "He knows we're telling you this."

"How many—" I began, suddenly remembering the beach house, the always present Friday-night babysitters...

"All of us friends," Rhonda said. "Every week and summer vacation for years."

"And eventually me," Amy said, "and our friends: Heather, Colleen, Erin, Kathleen, Maureen, and Eileen... your dad was our first. He broke us in the best fucking way possible."

Amy stood up and playfully brushed my face with her hip. She walked across the room to a flat-screen TV and plugged in a flash drive to the USB port.

On the screen, in their full late-70s/early-80s glory, were my parents and all their adult friends in the front room of the beach house I knew so well. Anita, the lady who lived up the street from us (and whom I'd just mixed a margarita for not a half hour ago), was naked and spread-eagled on the Ping-Pong table, deep-throating the big cock of her husband while my father—undoubtedly influenced by a very popular movie of the time—smeared a glob of butter on her asshole and pushed his huge cock through it. Anita was shrieking with delight.

But I was looking for Rhonda, and the camera eventually swiveled over to her. She was on a beanbag with her legs in the air, getting fucked from above and below by her husband and—*Oh shit, is that my old gym teacher?*

"Fuck my ass, Charlie," Rhonda was gasping, her voice about an octave lower. "And get that cock in there, Leon. Don't be shy, you fucker."

I was stunned. Everyone in that video had chipped in for my first car when I was 18.

The video played on and quickly lost its power to shock. I watched Colleen and Erin's dads take turns blowing loads all over my mother's face and neck as she gave them energetic handjobs while squatting on the pistoning cock of Kathleen's dad, Pat. I couldn't look away, but I was kind of numb.



Amy flicked off the TV.

"Let me dry your tears, Frank," she said.

She took my hand and stood me up. My dick was rock hard in my suit pants, like that of a blue-balled bachelor at a strip club.

"Let me take care of that," she said.

Rhonda picked up her phone and sent a quick text. I was now officially over my

easy to blow that first hot load of the day right then, but I held back. I wanted to see who the other players were going to be.

"A bigger cock than his dad," Rhonda marveled.

"But can he use it?" Amy said, challenging me like the vixen she is.

I roughly pulled down Amy's dress the rest of the way, put her face in the couch, and spread her legs. I gave her big, taut ass a couple of good slaps to let her know I meant business, noting that her glistening pussy was ready for me. But she was going to have to wait. I continued giving her little slaps, making sure my fingers connected with her swollen labia, but with my left hand I grabbed Rhonda's pussy.

"You're a little rough, Frank," said Rhonda, shaking off her dress to reveal a still-fierce brick shithouse frame.

Through the door walked Charlie and Anita. Anita had the same expression on her face from her time on the Ping-Pong table. She walked over to me and squeezed my cock like she was shaking my hand.

"Better than I thought," was all she said, and proceeded to throw her dress—and herself—at Charlie.

Then I walked my friends Heather, Kathleen, Erin, and Maureen.

"It's about fucking time," said Colleen as she entered, spitting her gum in the ashtray.

I turned my attention to Amy's waiting cunt. She'd rolled over onto her back, and I plunged in. I pounded her relentlessly, my balls smacking her ass and my fingers working her clit, slowing down only when

"I FELT RHONDA'S HAND CUPPING MY BALLS FROM BEHIND — THEY WERE ACHING."

mourning. The only surprise I had left was who was going to respond to Rhonda's summons and walk through the door of the study.

Amy helped me out of my pants and shoes, but I was done being shocked. I ripped open Amy's button-down dress, scattering her cheap pearls all over the floor. I grabbed her hair and kissed her. I felt Rhonda's hand cupping my balls from behind, and I could feel them aching. It would have been very

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CLUSTERFUCKS



I felt like coming was inevitable. I watched the other girls have at each other, a mass of hair and long, pale legs. I saw Charlie pull Maureen's hair and come on Anita's face, then sit down heavily with his beer and cigarette.

"Having a good time, Frank?" he said.

Colleen and Erin were on, in, on top of each other. It was like a late-night nature documentary. Finally, Erin thrust her middle and ring fingers into Maureen and jackhammered that meaty pussy until a wailing Maureen squirted all over Rhonda's ass. I had to get in there.

I abruptly pulled out of Amy and slid into a supine Maureen like a waterslide, her pussy sloppy and roomy.

"Make me come with your cock, fucker," she said, sounding like the movie.

I angled up, trying to find her G-spot. I slipped a finger into her asshole and made her arch her back. There it was. I hammered and hammered, remembering the porn star credo that sometimes if you don't want to come, you gotta fuck harder.

I felt Maureen miraculously tighten up around me and erupt in a second wave of orgasmic shudders, then I piled Erin atop Kathleen—Erin's pussy dripping onto that of her best friend—and took turns dipping into both of their succulent pussies.

Finally, I couldn't stand it. I tapped into Amy and Maureen's finger-bang session and resumed my noble work, bending Amy over the couch on which my father had taken her virginity. I fucked her until I saw stars, feeling her pussy contract around me wildly. At once, I saw Rhonda's face appear nearby, and I pulled out and let loose the load of my life on the stars of my earliest sexual fantasies.

"I've wanted to do that for years," I said.

The group of us—sweaty, exhausted, and sated—toasted my dad in his study. The room was redolent of pussy and come. I didn't realize until then how fitting a send-off it was.

—F.K., Lowell, Massachusetts

PARTY FAVORS

Soft music played in the background, and darkness filled the room except for the dim glow of a lamp in the far corner. Most of the other guests had gone to the kitchen for more drinks, but Marian had stayed behind. She was facing away from me as she sprawled on the sofa, unaware that I was watching her from the doorway.

After a moment I saw her begin to move slightly, her body, perhaps unconsciously, reacting to the music. Her head swayed back

and forth on the velvet pillow beneath it.

Suddenly, she rose and started to dance, moving to the beat of the music as she made her way over to the window. There she pressed her body against the pane as if it were her lover, gyrating sensuously. She ran her fingers through her long dark hair, and then began to stroke her body.

I wanted her with an almost crippling sense of urgency. I thought of the people in the other room, but my lust overcame my caution. Besides, this wasn't the kind of crowd that would mind witnessing some sexy fun. I took a deep breath and walked toward her. As she became aware of my presence, I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her against me, molding her body to mine so we could move in tandem to the music.

She pressed against me, and my heart began to beat wildly as I felt her tremble in my arms. Without separating our bodies or slowing our dance, I began to lift her sweater over her head, and when it was gone I pulled my own shirt off so I could feel her skin.

She was damp with perspiration. I drew her more tightly against me, and with one movement, dipped her close to the floor. Bending down, I unbuttoned her skirt and pushed the garment down her legs.

For a second, I stared at the woman in my arms, now wearing only her bra and black lace panties. Her dark hair swayed, falling almost to the floor as her head hung back. Her eyes were closed, as though she were in a peaceful state of bliss.

I pulled her back up and twirled her around. At that moment a new song came on the radio, and we began to slow dance. No words were spoken, and her eyes remained shut. Her fingers dug into my back and tickled their way down to my jeans. Her hands went to the front of my pants, opening them and pushing the jeans to my knees. Then she bent down and went for my cock.

She was evidently hungry for the taste of me, and her actions were anything but gentle. Her tongue ravished my shaft. Her hands massaged my balls, and the heat of her breath on my taut skin made my erection even harder. When her lips slid over my cockhead, I couldn't help moaning. "Oh yes!" I cried out, trying to delay my orgasm. I looked down at her, and she smiled devilishly at me. Unable to control myself any longer, I filled her mouth with my jism. She swallowed

it down, making little satisfied sounds as she did so.

The music changed once again, to something with a salsa beat. Straightening up, she backed off and beckoned to me with her curled finger. Needing a moment to regroup, I stood frozen in place and watched her. With her eyes on mine and her body swaying to the beat, she unhooked her bra, slid it off, and threw it in my direction. The black lace panties were next, and then there she was, naked and gyrating.

I could no longer resist her beauty. I closed the distance between us with three quick steps and helped her to the floor as I lowered myself on top of her. She threw her head back and attacked me with her hands. I felt her pussy grind against my cock as I kissed her neck. I then slid down her body, squeezing her breasts and sucking them like a man possessed.

From there I continued down to her crotch, noting how swollen her pussy lips were. I licked her, searching for her clit with my tongue and feeling her grow even wetter. I left her moaning for more as I made my way back up to her face. When our lips met, I put my tongue in her mouth, knowing she could taste herself on me.

Our mouths parted as I thrust my dick inside her. She flexed her cunt muscles and wrapped her legs around my waist. I pinned her wrists over her head with one hand, while with the other I teased her by tickling her ribs. With a cry she pulled her hands from my grasp and dug her fingers hard into my ass, pulling me deeper inside her.

After fucking her for a few minutes, I pulled away and turned her onto her hands and knees, and then propelled my cock back into her from behind. A few seconds later she climaxed, then melted back against me. I continued to go in and out, letting her abundant juices flow over me. Then I pulled out and trailed my penis up and down her thigh, watching as her honey dripped to the floor.

I was still as hard as a rock. "We aren't done yet," I told her. I then lifted her up and carried her to an upholstered chair. Both of us had pretty much forgotten about the other guests in the house. I sat her down, pulled her legs over the armrests and was just proceeding to mount her again when I heard a noise from the doorway.

"Oh, my God!" came a female voice, and I looked up to see a tall blonde woman in her 30s standing there with a look of shock on her red face. "I-I'm sorry," she stammered. "I-I didn't mean to—" She was obviously embarrassed, but she also seemed unable to take her eyes off the scene in front of her. Finally, she made an inarticulate sound and turned to leave the room.

"Wait," I heard Marian say. "Wouldn't you like to join us?"

As the woman stood there staring, Marian got up from the chair and approached her. As I watched as if in a dream, she put a finger to the newcomer's lips, then lowered her hand and slowly, methodically began to unbutton the woman's denim shirt, occasionally running her fingers lightly over her breasts and playing with her nipples. The woman was passively compliant, but after a minute she reached out to Marian, and the two began to stroke each other.

"Have you ever done this before?" Marian asked. The woman shook her head.

**"THE HEAT OF HER
BREATH ON MY
TAUT SKIN MADE
MY ERECTION
EVEN HARDER."**

"May I join in?" I said then, recovering from my shock. I then stepped behind the new arrival, sandwiching her between Marian and myself. I knew she could feel my hard penis against her ass as I pressed my body against hers. Reaching over her shoulder, I slipped a finger into Marian's mouth and she sucked on



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it. Pulling away, I then traced my digit around the other woman's navel.

"Kiss her," I said to Marian, and slowly she brought her lips to those of our new friend. They fell into each other's arms as I finished undressing the blonde. Once she was naked, I gently placed my rigid cock at the seam of her sex as I spread her buttocks apart with my hands. She looked at me over her shoulder and smiled, and then her attention went back to Marian who was sliding down the front of her body. When the blonde started to moan, I leaned her forward slightly and slipped my cock into her pussy.

"Oh, yes!" she moaned, instinctively bucking toward me. I held on to her waist, and Marian clutched her thighs as she suckled the woman's clit. The blonde was sighing loudly, her body quivering from our dual attention. Her moans grew louder and her movements more frenzied until she shouted out her climax and slid to the floor, taking us with her.

The three of us were now lying intertwined on the floor, our naked bodies sticky with sweat. "We should probably get up," I said.

"Why?" Marian asked. "Afraid someone might walk in on us?" She smiled. "Hell, they could join in, too."

At that moment, I looked up and saw two men walking into the room. They had obviously heard what Marian had said. I also heard the sound of other guests behind them. I looked back at Marian, and she was still smiling. So was the blonde woman. I could see that this was going to be a very long night.

—D.V., Bethesda, Maryland

NIGHT MOVES

One warm evening last summer, I was sleeping in the nude—letting the slight breeze from the open window blow across my body—when I was awakened by my boyfriend, Dominic. Naturally, I was startled. But as soon as I saw his wicked smile, I knew I was in for some fun.

Suddenly, I felt other hands all over my body. I couldn't see whose they were because whoever else was there was just out of my range of vision. I looked at Dominic as if to ask what was going on. "I brought

entertainment," he whispered. I smiled, understanding exactly what he meant. I'd told him about my group sex fantasies and asked him to surprise me one day by inviting some of his friends to join us in bed.

I eagerly spread myself out on the mattress, parting my ankles and bringing my wrists to the upper corners of the bed so that I was spread-eagled.

"Aren't you going to tie them?" I asked, and sure enough, they did. With Dominic still beside me and the others still in the shadows, I guessed that he'd brought two other people with him. Their hands ran over me again as my boyfriend began kissing me gently. I felt a couple of fingers sliding into my pussy, and someone was rubbing my nipples.

Dominic shoved his tongue inside my mouth, then broke the kiss and stood up. "Kiss her," he said. Then a beautiful woman was climbing over me. Her lips were soft and moist as they met mine, and soon our tongues were gliding in and out of each other's mouth. Her fingers slid into my pussy, and my legs quivered. She slid her tongue down to my nipples, and then over my stomach and down to my clit.

Dominic slid the tip of his rod gently over my lips and eased inside. I moaned, enjoying the sensation of having my pussy eaten while also orally satisfying my man. Now the other person came into view, and I saw that it was Byron, one of Dominic's golf buddies. He winked at me, and then buried his face in the

beautiful woman's cunt. Her tongue moved harder on my clit in response to her growing excitement. She slid a finger deep inside my pussy, and then brought it to Dominic's mouth for him to suck on. "As always, you taste wonderful, baby," he told me.

After a minute the woman rolled onto her back and started playing with herself. "Fuck her," she said to Dominic.

Byron now brought his cock to my mouth as Dominic got between my legs and slid his hard-on inside my pussy. "Oh, baby!" I gurgled around Byron's shaft as it slid down my throat.

The woman shifted her position so that Dominic could kiss her as he was fucking me. She then handed him a dildo, which he inserted into her pussy. Byron cried out as he pulled out of my mouth and sprayed come all over my face, which made Dominic shoot his load inside me. Seconds later, the woman and I both came also, leaving puddles of our juices on the bed.

The woman then grabbed Dominic's cock, saying, "Let me clean it for you," before sucking on it.

At that point Dominic untied me. "You've been a great sport, baby," he said, and kissed me.

"Thanks, sweetie," I whispered. "I love surprises. Now I want to suck your dick." And I did, sucking him lovingly while the woman kept eating me until I came again.

Byron then took hold of the woman, bent



"I LEANED FORWARD SLIGHTLY AND SLIPPED MY COCK INSIDE HER."



her over, lubed her up and fucked her ass from behind. "Dominic," he said, "do it to Gwenn. She's a kinky girl, right? Fuck her ass."

Dominic did just that, flipping me around, slickening up his dick and pulling my ass onto his shaft before fucking it hard. The woman and I were now close enough to kiss, and we did, moaning as our tongues danced in each other's mouth, until she threw her head back and cried out that she was coming all over Byron's cock.

Dominic was now massaging my clit as he fucked me, and when I came, too, my juices poured out of me. Byron and Dominic continued to fuck our asses good; before long, I felt Dominic's cock throbbing inside me. Byron was groaning, and a moment later we were all spent and shivering with bliss.

When we recovered, the woman turned to me, saying, "Hi, Gwenn. I'm Ronnie, Byron's girlfriend."

"Nice to meet you," I said, and we all laughed.

Another fantasy realized.

-G.S., Buffalo, New York

WILD CARD

For the first 25 years of our marriage, my wife and I had a normal sex life. Then, one stormy Saturday evening, that all changed.

Two of my friends, Hank and Dennis, had come over to play cards and have some beer. We went down to the rec room, and after playing for a few hours we

joined Jo in the den. We were drinking and having fun, and after awhile the talk got kind of risqué. I'm not sure how it happened, but before I realized it, I was watching Hank take off my wife's clothing.

I have to admit she looked pretty excited. She was flirting and smiling, especially after Dennis joined in. While I looked on, she was unabashedly enjoying herself. The men took turns fucking my wife's pussy, and all the while she begged for more.

The fact was that I enjoyed it, too, and from that night on, all I had to do was ask and Jo would gladly fuck another man while I watched. During the next month, I saw a neighbor fuck her out on our deck by the pool, I saw a coworker screw her at a company picnic in the back of his SUV, and I saw two of her friends do her in our den again. She evidently had no limits. She especially loved giving and receiving oral sex, and she liked the taste of other men's come.

One day I decided to take things a little further, so I contacted some people online and put a plan into action. This was to be a kinky surprise for my wife, and I knew she'd love it.

On a Sunday afternoon I told Jo we were going for a ride, and we headed for the other side of town. Jo was curious and asked me where we were going, but I didn't give her a straight answer.

We pulled up front of a red brick apartment building with several young men hanging around outside. All eyes were staring at her as I escorted her to the door. She was wearing a short skirt, black stockings and high heels, so it was no surprise that she was

attracting so much attention from those horny young bucks.

She didn't say a word as we went inside and up to the second floor. I rang the bell at a certain door, and it was opened by a tall black guy wearing shorts and a T-shirt. I gave him my name, and he grinned.

"Hi, I'm Cal," he said to us. "Come on in."

As we entered the living room, we saw another guy sitting on the sofa and a third standing by the window. Both were holding cans of beer. Cal told us that the one on the couch was Kit, and the standing man was Terry.

I could see that Jo was nervous but excited. I knew she had a pretty good idea of why we were there.

For a long moment, no one said anything more. Then Kit patted the cushion on the sofa next to him and told Jo to have a seat. I watched her approach and settle down next to him. Then I sat in a rocker across from them, and Terry offered us each a beer.

I tried to make some small talk with the guys while we waited for the beer. It was a little awkward, and the only time Jo spoke was when someone asked her a direct question. But at one point she crossed her legs, flashing her dark stocking tops at us as Cal returned with a couple of beers. She took one from him and took a gulp. Cal then sat on the sofa with her and Kit.

There was another pause, until finally Kit rather nonchalantly reached over to play with Jo's long hair, twirling it around his fingers. That seemed to relax her, and she smiled flirtatiously. This went on for a few minutes before he brought his hand down to her knee.

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“HE EXPLODED, FILLING JO’S MOUTH WITH COME.”

I watched with my heart racing as that hand slowly began to slide higher, hiking her skirt up as it went. Again, I saw her dark stocking tops. I could tell she liked his attention.

Kit put his beer down on the coffee table, then reached over to take Jo’s beer from her hand, setting that down as well. Then he stood up. “Come on,” he said to her, taking her hand. She said nothing as he pulled her to her feet, and I watched him lead my wife out of the room, presumably toward the bedroom, where we all knew what was about to happen.

Cal, Terry and I stayed in the living room, drinking our beers. After a few quiet minutes I heard Jo moaning, softly at first, and then more loudly. “Oh, God!” I heard her say, and then, “Oh, yes.” Next, we heard some muffled moans, then the sound of a bed slamming the wall for a few minutes. Then all was silent.

I tried to stay calm, but my pulse was racing and my cock was throbbing. A few minutes later Kit returned, breathing hard. “Your turn,” he said to Cal. “She took it up the ass from me, but her sweet pussy and mouth are all yours if you want them.”

Cal looked at me, and then went out of the room without saying a word. Getting up my courage, I followed him into the bedroom, where I saw my wife sitting on the bed with her back against the headboard, naked except for her stockings. Her large brown nipples were erect and swollen, and there were hickies on her chest. One leg was outstretched and the other was jackknifed, so I was able to see her pussy glistening with juices.

I stayed in the doorway as Cal undressed.



He had the biggest dick I had ever seen. Jo’s eyes widened as she looked at his crotch, but there was a kind of gleam in them that I had never seen before.

Cal joined her on the bed. Reaching for her feet, he took her stocking-covered toes in his mouth, and then kissed her calves and her knees. When his mouth got to her bare thighs above her stockings, she spread her legs wider to give him access to her pussy. That’s when I saw a large wet spot on the bed, caused by Kit’s come leaking from my wife’s ass.

My cock throbbed harder than ever as I watched Cal eat my wife’s pussy until she climaxed. Her eyes were shut, her hips scooting forward to grind her crotch against his mouth, and she came wildly, crying out and convulsing before going limp with happy exhaustion.

Within seconds Cal was on top of her, offering her his cock to suck and then fucking her mouth as he would a cunt. She did her best not to choke and gag, her jaws stretched to the max. Then with a bellow, he exploded, filling Jo’s mouth with come. She swallowed most of his load, but a good portion of his cream spilled out all over her neck and chest.

With a satisfied smile, Cal climbed off my wife and went to get Terry for his turn with her. I stood there looking at her, not sure what to say. Terry came in, already shirtless, then pushed his shorts down and went to the bed, his large cock bobbing and flopping.

Jo moaned with anticipation as he climbed on top of her and shoved his cock into her pussy. His forceful thrust made her gasp.

Her cries continued as Terry rode her hard. He sucked her nipples and neck, leaving dark marks to add to those Kit had already given her, and then he pushed her legs to her chest as he continued to pound her. Jo moaned as she climaxed, her body jerking and twisting. A minute later he also came with a shout, shooting his load inside her. A moment later, he was off her and gone from the room.

Beside myself with lust, I quickly stripped and mounted my wife, sliding my cock into her warm, sloppy hole. She didn’t feel like anything I’d ever felt before. I could barely feel the walls of her stretched-out cunt, but it didn’t matter; my excitement had me coming in record time.

On the way home I asked Jo if she had a good time. She smiled at me before saying, “Yes, and, you know, I think the next time may be even better.”

And she was right.

—F.B., Sandusky, Ohio

Ever been to an orgy? A cocktail party that tumbled into a group grope? A neighborly relaxation in a hot tub that bubbled into a torrid scene? If you’ve been involved in any sexual scenario resembling team sports, why not share it with your fellow readers? Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to letters@penthouse.com.

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WIVES GONE WILD



HARD AT WORK

“I think he has a crush on you,” Jonah whispered.

That was Jonah-code for “I want to watch him fuck you.”

I looked at the contractor. He’d been in and out of our home several times during our kitchen remodel. He was big and ruddy with blond hair and blue eyes.

“You think?” I asked, smiling.

“I do. And I think if you invite him to fuck you, he’d take you up on it.”

I moved close and whispered, “Even with you watching?” I did it to rile him up.

He studied Greg the contractor and said, “Especially with me watching.”

“That kind of guy, huh?” I watched our worker with new eyes.

“That kind of guy?”

“I’ll ask him,” I said. “If you’d like.”

“I like.” Then he glanced at his watch and pecked me on the cheek. “Gotta run. The boss is on a tear this week.” And then he was gone, leaving me alone with Greg.

When Greg sat down to go over some updated plans with me, I couldn’t focus. My pussy was wet, my pulse was up, and I was hot. All over. The room felt unbearably warm.

I let him finish, and then sat back and crossed my legs. “Sounds good. Now, I had one more thing I wanted to discuss with you.”

“Changes?” he asked, running a hand over his sand-colored hair.

“Fucking.”

He stopped cold, eyes wide. His mouth opened but then closed again. He wanted to say something, but I assumed he had no idea what.

“As in you fucking me,” I went on to save him confusion. “My husband is interested in watching you fuck me. And I... well, I’m interested in the fucking, too.”

He wasn’t married; I knew that. He didn’t have a girlfriend; I knew that, too. But the question was would he be okay with Jonah sitting in the corner jacking off while he plowed me. I held my breath and waited.

“He wants to watch?”

I inclined my head. “He does. It’s a personal kink of his. No issues, no jealousy, no problems. If it isn’t your thing, I understand, but I at least wanted to ask.”

He took a moment and then shrugged. “I’d love to fuck you.” Then he laughed. “When?”

“How’s tonight? Once Jonah actually broaches the subject, he’s already worked up. He’d be insanely happy if you could manage tonight.”

“Six?”

“Better make it seven,” I said. “He has to work a little bit late.”

“I’ll bring wine,” he said, standing.

“Bring yourself,” I said. “We have plenty of wine. You’re the part we need.” Then I shook his hand, and he left, looking only mildly confused.

I’d texted my husband at work to tell him our plans for the evening, and he came tearing in at 6:45, loosening his tie. “Is he here?”

I shook my head and handed him two fingers of whiskey, straight up. “Not yet. It’s fine—no worries.”

He eyed me. I wore a soft gray sweater and black leggings. My feet were bare, and my nipples were hard beneath the thin sweater, revealing that I was sans bra. He nudged a finger to the moist crotch of my leggings and felt that I was bare beneath them, too. Jonah put his finger in his mouth and winked. “Wet already?”

“Are you kidding? I’ve been playing this over and over in my head all damn day, since you brought it up. It’s your fault I’m so turned on.”

“I’ll gladly take the blame.”

When the doorbell rang a few minutes later, my heart jumped in my chest. I let Jonah answer because that was part of the fun for him. He got off on ushering in my lovers.

I could see that Greg was nervous until he finally realized that Jonah was actually fine with this. Excited about it even.

“Can I show you to the bedroom?” I asked. I cocked my hip and watched both men take in my suggestive pose.

Greg nodded, and Jonah followed him as I led them up the stairs. In our room, I’d made the bed with fresh sheets and pulled the



blinds. The decor was bare bones as Jonah goes for minimalism. He likes me to be the main focus of our bedroom, anyway.

"Any second thoughts?" I asked, dragging my fingernail down the row of buttons on the front of Greg's shirt. He seemed mesmerized by the clack, clack, clack of my nails against plastic.

"None."

"Good. I guess I can get out of these clothes, then?"

Greg didn't say a word. He gripped the hem of my sweater and tugged it up and over my head so my hair flew around my face. Jonah settled into the chair he occupies when watching me with guests.

Greg's big hands were on my tits in no time, stroking around the nipples and pinching them, then his rough fingers ran along the sides of my breasts. My pussy went from wet to gushing as he leaned forward and drew one nipple into his mouth, sucking hard enough that I felt the draw all the way down to my cunt.

His hand pushed into my leggings, stretching them out as he plunged two thick fingers inside me. He growled in my ear as he fucked me that way. The small hairs on my neck rose with anticipation and excitement.

"You're so fucking tight," he said against my earlobe.

I pushed my pants off all the way and took a small step back with his fingers still inside me. I glanced at Jonah and saw he had his hard cock in his hand, his pants still up but his zipper splayed wide.

He stroked and gave me a single nod.

"HIS THICK COCK FILLED ME SO FAST AND SO HARD I GASPED."

I moved to the bed, and Greg moved with me. I laid back, spread my thighs and watched his ruddy face as he pressed it between my legs. Still moving his fingers in and out, he ate me messy and rough. His tongue and lips and teeth were a blur as they moved over my pussy lips, my clit. He lapped at me, noisy and wet, and then sucked my clit until I thought I couldn't take it another second. Instead, I came with a shout, handfuls of his short hair twisted up in my fingers.

"Fuck me," I said when he raised his head. "Fuck me the way he can't. Hard, rough, like a fucking animal." To accent my words I raised my hips, opening myself to him more.

He stripped in a mad haste. Then he grabbed my hips, yanked me forward and plunged into me. No manners, no preamble—it was perfect. His thick cock filled me so fast and so hard I gasped. He shoved his hands

beneath my ass and squeezed. The bite of pain put me on edge again, bearing down toward another sudden orgasm. He pumped into me, hips rocketing back and forth as he grunted and groaned. He had me angled so that he could see every entry of his cock, and when I glanced at Jonah, jerking off furiously, I knew he could see every plunge, as well.

Greg pushed his thumb to my clit, moving it over my slick nub as he drove into me. The sensations overwhelmed me, and I came again, chanting nonsense toward the ceiling.

I heard Jonah groan, and Greg looked up at him as if just remembering he was there. He grinned at my husband, flipped me over and got me on my hands and knees. And then he was plunging into me from behind, holding my hips so hard I knew I'd bear purple crescents from his fingertips. I almost came again.

He gathered my hair in his hand and held it, fucking me hard enough to scoot me across the bed. Every plunge was perfect. Every yank of my hair a lovely accent. I moved my trembling fingers between my thighs and stroked. I thought I'd be too sensitive, but my body flared with fresh lust. Greg worked a spit-slickened finger into my ass, fucking me there, too.

When Jonah let out a deep groan, I knew he was coming. I turned my head to watch his cream spurt up and coat his cock.

"Fuck," Greg groaned and then pulled free of me. I felt the hot splash of his semen across my lower back and heard his rough breathing.

—M.K., Stamford, Connecticut

WIVES GONE WILD

ROUGH RIDER

Natalie surprised me with Matt. She climbed into the back of my car with him when I arrived for a pickup. The listing had only been a first name and a last initial. I was startled—but only slightly. It wasn't the first time she'd done something like this.

"Hey, baby. This is Matt."

The tall man nodded at me as I eyed him in the rearview mirror.

"We'd like a tour around downtown. You can just drive. And you can peek. He's going to show you how a woman like me deserves to be fucked..."

I took a deep breath and said nothing. My cock was hard, my heart pounding. When she shut the door, I put the sedan into gear, and we headed toward the city. It was a Friday night, the traffic would be thick, and I think that was the point.

The car was large, and when I angled the rearview mirror just so, I had a pretty broad view of the backseat. Natalie knew that would be the case.

I pulled out onto the main thoroughfare that would take me toward the highway.

"Take the back roads," she instructed.

Instead of heading to the highway turn-off, I drove onto a side street that would loop me back toward the city. While I did that, my eyes darted to the mirror. She was unbuttoning Matt's pants. She pulled his cock free and lowered her head into his lap. My eyes went back to the road for a second, and then I glanced back. I could barely make out her head bobbing, but I sure could see his eyes drifting shut, and I could hear the wet sounds of her mouth on his cock. She was noisy on purpose, wanting me to hear every suck, lick, and sigh.

With split attention, I finally made my way to the outskirts of the city, which meant traffic slowed to a crawl. She'd managed to suck him off the entire time but had never let him come.

I met his eyes in the rearview. Matt looked a bit drunken and stunned, but when he saw me looking, he gave me a superior, crooked grin. *I'm going to fuck your wife*, that look said. *I'm going to fuck her good*.

You do that, I wanted to say. *Because I'm going to watch*.

We were sitting behind a line of cars at a red light when she took his hand and shoved it beneath her skirt. He added the other, and within a moment, she lifted her hips and her panties appeared, sliding along her legs like

"I WATCHED MY WIFE HOLD HIS HEAD TO HER PUSSY AND RAISE HER HIPS."

a magic trick. Matt, the cocky newcomer, took them and dropped them over the seat, so that they landed next to me. He pushed her back, hiked up her skirt and spread her thighs. I could see her clearly, the way they were angled. Her pussy was obviously wet, her legs splayed wide.

The cars moved up a bit, and I drifted forward but then the light turned red again. My cock was throbbing. My head felt thick, like it was wrapped in cotton batting. I watched Matt lower his face to my wife's cunt. Watched the tip of his tongue explore her nether lips and then zero in on her clit.

The windows were tinted, and for that I was grateful. This was my own private viewing session.

He shoved his hands up under her ass and went at it, burying his face and eating her like she was his last meal.

My hand drifted toward my crotch, and I pressed my palm against my cock.

The traffic picked up, and I found we were down by the arena where concerts were often held. After she came, Natalie lifted her head, stared at me and said, "Park here. I want you to be able to watch without crashing the car."

I pulled into a spot in front of the arena. It was hours before that night's event would start to draw a crowd.

I watched my wife hold his head to her pussy, raise her hips and grind upward. With the evident help of his tongue, she got off again.

"Now, he's going to fuck me. Don't turn around. You watch in the mirror like a good boy. Like I taught you."



I nodded my consent and watched Matt unbutton my wife's blouse. He pulled down her bra cups, stroked her nipples and the sides of her tits. He sucked and bit at her breasts as she moaned, and I clenched the steering wheel, hoping I didn't end up snapping it in half.

When she reached for his cock, he accommodated her swiftly. Moving between her thighs, he ran the head of his dick along her wet slit.

"Hurry, baby," she cooed.

I blinked, watching him tease her. He turned his head, found my gaze in the mirror, and smiled. Still looking at me, he plunged into my wife, filling her so fast and so hard that she cried out, clawing at the back of his navy-blue shirt.

She pumped her hips up, making sure to keep her legs spread so I could see him driving repeatedly into her cunt. She didn't hook her legs behind his back the way she often did with me because that would block my view. Matt was at her breasts again as he fucked her. Teeth and lips and tongue toured her soft skin, teasing her nipples, biting and licking so that she went nuts.

I rested my hand in my lap but no more than that. Natalie liked to have her treat and then a dessert of me later. I was fine with that. The sight of a guy fucking my wife until she nearly wept had never failed to turn me on.

"Turn me over," she said. "Turn me over."

Matt pulled out and flipped her over, and she got on her hands and knees. Fingers clawing at the tinted side window, she spread her legs. He thrust hard, and the sound of his body smacking against hers as he fucked her stole my breath.

She reared back, hands splayed. She was loud, loud enough that passersby no doubt heard her, even if they couldn't see her.

"Fuck," Matt said.

"Just a minute, baby... just a minute..." she chanted.

When she came, my cock jerked in my pants. Matt hissed, withdrew quickly and jerked his cock in his hand three times before shooting his come all over my wife's ass and back.

She turned and looked at me in the rearview. She smiled and licked her lips. "Did you get that, baby?"

I gave her a nod.

Matt sat back, flushed and breathing hard.



The grin was gone, the stunned look had returned.

"Take us back," she said.

The ride was silent but for the sound of slowing breathing and the muted roar of the air-conditioning. Back at my original destination, Matt left the car without a word.

Natalie relaxed back into the seat, still mostly disheveled and disrobed. "Home," she said. "Now that I've shown you what I want, it's your turn to try and please me."

"Right away," I said, and turned the car toward our house.

She and Matt had been my last pickup of the night, but it seemed I still had my work cut out for me.

—J.P., Via Email

■ BRAND-NEW LUST

When Charlene and I first got together, I confessed that my number-one fantasy was to watch my girlfriend fuck another man. I didn't want to get off on the wrong foot with her, but I also didn't want to waste my time or hers. I'd reached an age in which I felt that I should be open about my fetishes.

Still, it took a bit of nerve for me to sit her down and confess this turn-on.

She turned my fantasy into a reality by the weekend. She invited her coworker Todd home, ostensibly so that he could ask me a few questions about my hot rod. He was refurbishing one of his own, and he said he could use some advice. When Charlene brought us each a beer, she did so wearing a little nothing of a sundress. Todd's eyes

roamed over her body, and he flushed when I caught him staring.

"Jason doesn't mind when you look," Charlene explained. "In fact, if you're up for it, he'd like to watch you do much more than look."

That night was memorable. I sat on the floral loveseat in our bedroom and gazed on as Todd plowed my wife doggy-style, then flipped her over and 69ed with her until she creamed all over his tongue.

When we got married, I don't know why I assumed our sex life would grow tamer. To my delight, the exact opposite happened. On our first weekend as man and wife, Charlene said, "You remember when you told me your fantasy?"

"To watch you fuck someone else?" I asked.

"You were so shy," she said. "You weren't sure how I'd react. I found that disarming. It made bringing home Todd even more exciting. I knew how thrilled you'd be."

I thought of that night again, and the many other nights I'd gotten to watch Todd take my mate. Each experience had been more of a turn-on than the one before. I'd watched the duo fuck in the shower. I'd driven them in the car, so they could do it in the backseat and I would catch flashes of their skin show in the rearview mirror.

"Guess what, Jason. Now, you get to watch your wife fuck another man."

That thought hadn't occurred to me, but the way she said the words made me hard in a heartbeat.

"You like that," she continued. "I can tell." She waved her left hand in front of me, dancing her bejeweled fingers before my face. "I'm your wife now, Jason. Not your

WIVES GONE WILD

**“FUCK ME, RAY,”
SHE BECKONED.
“FUCK ME WHILE
MY HUSBAND
WATCHES.”**

girlfriend. And now I'm going to have another man put his dick inside me. What do you think about that?"

"Do you have a man in mind?" I asked her.

"Men," she said. "I have men in mind."

That began the steady stream of strangers through our marital bed. Charlene had grasped a concept that hadn't occurred to me. Her naturally kinky mind understood that watching her hold on to a man's dick with her diamond ring flashing would twist something inside me in a whole new way. The first man she brought home was a single neighbor

from down the street. She'd first spotted him mowing his lawn one Sunday morning, and the muscles on display in his white tank top did her in. She came home wet at the thought of inviting Raymond over. I got hard when she took off her panties and held them in front of my face. "This is only from imagining how he'll do me," she sighed. I fucked her against the kitchen table as she told me her plan. When we were finished, she put her idea into immediate effect. She wooed him to our house by saying our mower was broken and asking if we might borrow his.

Then she repaid him by giving him a blowjob in our kitchen, while I sat in our breakfast nook mere feet away and watched her deep-throat the lucky fellow. He was lucky, indeed. Charlene has a mouth like a pro. She swallowed Raymond to the root, her hand cupping his balls while she tongued him to heaven and back. He closed his eyes at first, and I sensed he was a little nervous about the fact that I was so close by, watching. But at some point, perhaps when she ducked between his legs to bathe that special spot between his balls and his asshole, he met my eyes.

Yes, I thought, *that's my wife tonguing your taint. How's that feel, Ray? You like that?*

His eyes told me he did. She moved

behind him next, and she told him to face the kitchen window, to hold on to the counter. Then she spread his ass cheeks and rimmed him. I was thankful to be sitting. My legs would have gone weak if I'd been standing. Raymond's legs were definitely trembling. I'm sure when Charlene asked him over, he'd never imagined winning a treat like this one. Charlene plunged her tongue into his rear entrance, and Raymond groaned and began to fuck air, thrusting his cock forward over and over as she played naughty games behind him.

My cock was a steel rod in my pants. I didn't touch myself, for fear I'd go off right then. That wouldn't be useful to anyone. Charlene loves when I take her after she fucks another man. That is the best part to her, when I put my dick in her honeypot, still warm with another man's seed.

Knowing he was reaching his limits, Charlene stood and got between Ray and the counter. She pulled her flirty, swirling sundress to her hips, revealing her naked haunches beneath. "Fuck me, Ray," she beckoned. "Fuck me while my husband watches."

He didn't have to be told twice. He plunged his ready cock into her pussy, and I sighed right along with her as he plumbed her luscious depths. "You're so big and thick," she moaned. "Just like Jason. I love the way your big dick feels inside me."

I don't know if Raymond had been expecting her filthy mouth. I was. Charlene can talk sexy even when she's on the cusp of a mind-bending orgasm. She kept up a steady stream of dirty talk as Raymond gripped her around the waist and anchored her for the rest of the ride. I could tell by the tight look in the muscles of his jaw that he was approaching his release. He had taken all he could—her warm mouth on his dick, her sweet tongue in his ass, and now this, the prize, the pinnacle, the tight, wet wonder of her spectacular pussy.

Charlene arched and ground her hips backward to meet his thrust. I could tell when she came. Her whole body seemed to tremble, to shoot off electric sparks. Ray followed a beat later, and then we were in that hurry-up-and-leave mode. He put his jeans back on, nodded his gratitude to us, and stumbled out of the house in a happy daze. I was on Charlene in a flash, spreading her out on our



cool kitchen tile, taking her missionary-style with her hair spread out all around her heart-shaped face, her eyes boring into mine as my dick met Raymond's load.

It was as perfect as fucking gets—close-up watching and an immediate reward. I was lost in the pleasure and then found as Charlene wrapped her strong thighs around me and pulled me in for the fireworks. Her second climax of the day was on my dick, and that brought me to my own powerful release. I added my seed to her font, and then remained sealed to her—connected and sticky, dreamy and creamy.

Charlene sighed and brushed my hair from my eyes. Then she said, "You know, Joe across the street? He has a power washer that we can borrow to do the deck..."

With a wife like Charlene, every day is an adventure, and every night is a fantasy-come-true.

—J.M., Charleston, South Carolina

■ MR. FIX-IT

Roxanne texted me: "The boiler guy's here. I think he'd be good. Hurry."

I was on my way to the home-improvement store and immediately turned our SUV around. She'd sprawled across our bed the night before wondering aloud if she could get the guy who'd be coming to service our boiler to service her. She wondered about it and wondered about it until I'd ended up fucking her myself. Which had been her plan all along, but I was fine with that.

At a red light I texted her back: "On my way. Basement?"

I got a thumbs-up emoji and smiled. She'd make sure the action took place in the basement. Lucky for us, the side of our house boasted very thick shrubbery that shielded a small, high window. You wouldn't know it was there unless you looked for it. Unless you lived there.

It took me a few minutes to get home, but I didn't stress. She wouldn't start the good stuff until I arrived. I parked across the street and walked down the side of the house, pushing myself into the shrubs until I could hunker down and look in the window.

I couldn't hear her; it was like watching



a silent film. But I saw how she cocked her hip, twirled her hair, laughed at what he was saying. And I saw when she took her red fingernail and stroked it down his chest, stopping right around the place where his navel was. He swallowed hard, and I could imagine the sound of it if I tried. A gulping noise that only came with surprise... and hope.

I texted her quickly that I was outside, saw her check her phone and then tuck it back in her pocket. She took a step closer to the boiler man and said something. He started blushing, and I nearly laughed. I could only guess what my wife might have said to him. Something filthy, suggestive or bold. Knowing Roxanne, probably all three.

He made a valiant effort of begging off and started to turn away. But then Roxanne started to unbutton her white blouse and he froze. My cock stiffened, and my pulse ratcheted up a notch. I ran my hand across my fly, my pants having become much more snug than when I'd originally squatted in our bushes.

She dropped the blouse on top of the washing machine and started to finger the clasp of her pale lavender bra. He did that swallowing thing again, and I had to stifle a chuckle. Wouldn't do to have him see me. It would ruin the whole thing.

She peeled off the bra and dropped it on top of the blouse. She grabbed his collar and tugged him—very gently, not hard—but he rolled toward her like a wave once the bra

was gone. He buried his face between her breasts for a second before swiftly moving to suck a nipple into his mouth. The other he pinched between his fingertips.

Roxanne arched her body toward his, did it harder when he used his teeth to tug her nipple out before sucking it once more. I imagined her wet pussy, a hot river between her thighs knowing I was watching this. I'd match her wetness with a raging hard-on that ached unbelievably.

The man's hands strayed to the button of her jeans, and she pushed them away. She unfastened it herself, popping the button, drawing down the zipper, pushing the skinny jeans off her legs and tossing them across the room. Roxanne doesn't wear underwear. There she stood, completely nude, her perfect ass on display along with her neatly trimmed pussy.

This time he didn't swallow. This time he licked his lips. She smiled and hopped up on the washing machine and spread her legs in invitation.

He moved fast again, his shyness and his hesitance utterly gone. He bent to her, pushing his face to her pussy the same way he'd pressed it between her breasts. Her head tossed back, and I could see from my perch at the window that her eyes were straying toward me. Her glance lasted only a second, but it made the moment that much better—watching him lick her, suck her clit, pushing his fingers inside her cunt, while knowing she was looking for me.

WIVES GONE WILD



**“I IMAGINED THE
HOT RIVER
BETWEEN HER
THIGHS KNOWING
I WAS WATCHING.”**

swallowing me down, using her tongue to swipe the back of my cock and the tip. “I did.” I put my hand in her hair and thrust into her mouth, burying myself so I felt the walls of her throat.

She just moaned, fingers pushing down into her jeans as she sucked me off. I could go to the home-improvement store later. Right now, I wanted to fuck my wild wife.

I pulled her jeans down and buried my face between my wife’s ass cheeks, exploring her slick crack with my tongue. My cock was rock hard in my fist knowing a stranger had been between her thighs just minutes before.

I freed my cock from its denim cage and to my surprise, my wife slammed herself back onto it. I gripped her hips as I impaled her on my hard rod.

“Fuck, baby. Does it turn you on to know your wife is such a slut?” she teased.

Even just hearing her say that made my cock twitch.

“You love watching me fuck other guys, don’t you?”

Instead of answering, I just drilled her harder and faster. As she screamed and came hard on my cock, gushing all over the floor, I wondered if our visitor could hear us.

—H.S., Boulder Colorado

Does your wife like to roam? Did you marry her because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell Penthouse all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to letters@penthouse.com.

At the moment of her climax, I heard her clearly through the old thin glass of the ancient window. When she came she never held back, and this time was no different. Her loud cries spurred him on. He stood, quickly working his belt, then his button and zipper. His cock was short, thick and as hard as a rock. She reached out and stroked him with admiration. His eyes slammed shut, and his hips rocked forward. When she tugged him gently, he stepped toward her closing the gap between them.

Roxanne scooted forward a little and brought his cockhead to her wet slit. When he groaned, I heard it clearly and nearly mimicked him before stopping myself. That initial intimate contact seemed to make him nearly delirious with lust.

He instantly lost any inhibitions he might have had and drove into Roxanne quick and rough. She held his shoulders, raising her hips to take him deeper. He had his hands on her ass then, gripping so tight I could see the skin blanch from where I stood. I wanted to pull out my cock and get myself off right there, but I didn’t. I wanted what would come after. After he was done with her. Or she was done with him, depending on how you looked at the situation.

The risk and the excitement prevented him from lasting long. When she came on another quick, deep thrust—noisy as ever—he went rigid between her thighs and released his own rough cry. Then she patted his head like a good pet and moved back from him. That time I did laugh.

I gave him the chance to put himself back together and waited for Roxanne to dress before I left the bushes and sauntered down the hill to the back door of the basement. I whistled the whole way, partly to let him know I was coming, but mostly just because I was happy.

When I entered, he looked like a deer in the headlights. But not Roxanne. She looked like the cat that ate the canary. She smiled hugely at me, and I saw her try not to laugh when I put out my hand to shake that of Thad, the serviceman. To shake the very hand that had been finger-fucking my wife. He turned a vibrant shade of red.

“We’ll let you get to work,” Roxanne said and headed upstairs. I followed, watching her ass swing in the most delicious way.

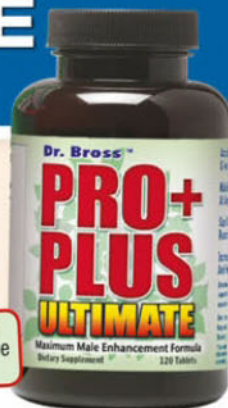
In the kitchen, she shut the basement door and dropped to her knees. “Did you see, baby?”

She had my cock out and was already

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SHEER ECSTASY

PET OF THE YEAR 2016 KENNA GETS A SULTRY START TO HER DAY
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“I LOVE FEELING THE MORNING
BREEZE ON MY NAKED SKIN”

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LETTERS

▾ SERENDIPITY



■ RX FOR ECSTASY

Getting stuck working a double shift blows. Getting stuck when the second half of your double is the graveyard shift at a 24-hour pharmacy sucks and blows. Not only was I working ten to six, but my only coworker had called to say she'd be a few hours late.

The only other person in the store was the lone pharmacist who looked like he'd fallen asleep reading a magazine.

I busied myself putting out the summer merchandise. Lawn chairs, citronella candles, bug spray, and flip flops, all the while wondering why the hell pharmacies carried these things. But a buck was a buck and the stuff sold, so there you have it.

The bell on the door dinged and I turned, hoping it was Rita arriving for her shift, not late after all. But it wasn't. It was a tall guy with black hair and eyes as blue as some of the candles I'd just stocked.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," I replied, trapped by that blue gaze. Then I caught myself and said my opening schtick followed by the obligatory, "Can I help you?"

"Ice cream?"

I almost laughed. Not a condom emergency or an antihistamine emergency,

or the more popular contact lens solution emergency. This was an ice-cream emergency.

"Over here," I said, leading him to the food section where we did, in fact, have a small ice-cream freezer. "We don't sell the big containers but we sell single serve and pints," I rambled. Mostly because I was bored.

I stood there with him and then caught my faux pas. Never hover over the customers. But when I turned to leave, he engaged me again with, "So what do you think? Peanut Butter? Double Chocolate? Bubble Gum?"

I wrinkled my nose without thinking about it, and he laughed softly. The sound coursed up my arms, raising the fine hairs there in its wake. The sensation settled at the nape of my neck with a little prickle. He was hot. Definitely hot. But I was working, and someone this hot was most likely with someone.

"Yeah, bubble gum is gross," he sighed.

"Never understood bubble gum ice cream."

"Are you high?" I blurted.

That earned me an outright laugh that somehow lit me up on the inside. I'd made him laugh. Not only was I lit up, but I noticed my pussy was wet and my nipples were hard little spikes beneath my ugly work smock.

"Nope. Just got dumped. So I wanted ice cream."

"I thought that was just girls," I said. When he cocked his head and smiled, I added,

"Which is totally sexist, I'm sure. And by the way, who the fuck would dump you?"

Shit. I was rambling. That's what exhaustion got me.

"A girl," he said. "Clearly not the right girl. Which is why I've officially given up on relationships. Now I'm going the sex-no-attachment route."

Something about that statement made my face grow hot. "Good plan. I've been there for a while."

A smile spread across his face, and he touched my hand. The place where he touched me felt like it had been struck by lightning, and I shifted my stance because my wet pussy had grown wetter. "Really? Do tell? Does it work? Is it worth it?"

"I... yes. I mean..." *Don't say it, don't say it...* But I said it. "I can show you if you want."

"You can show me? Aren't you working?" But as he said it his hand curled around my wrist, his big fingers trapping my pulse so that it thumped like a drum.

"Yes, and as you can see, we are swamped."

That earned me another laugh, and I had to squirm again.

He glanced around, and I whispered, "Cameras are broken. Pharmacist appears to be having a siesta, the other girl won't be here for another hour, and I have permission to do"—I hurried to the front door and flipped the sign so it read "Back in 10 Minutes"—"That."

He raised an eyebrow, and my mouth went dry. "I'd need more than ten minutes with you."

"You'll have it."

Before I could think about it, I grabbed his warm hand and tugged him along toward the stockroom. The door shut, and there was room to move. I couldn't lock it, but when I pointed to a stack of boxes, he took the hint and shoved them in front of the door.

"Hurry," I said.

"I thought you had time."

"I do. I just want to do this."

He grinned, and I eagerly shed my horrible gray work smock. Beneath, I had on a black tank top and no bra. He saw that and eagerly grabbed the straps and pulled me close. He kissed me once—fast, deep and brutal—and then shoved the tank up, exposing my small breasts. He squeezed them and then pinched my nipples hard enough to make me gasp.

When his mouth settled on my left nipple, licking and sucking, I let my head fall back and a sigh escaped me.

Yes, it had been a long, shitty day. Yes, double shifts were a thing of nightmares. But this, this could take the yuck out of any day, no matter how long and awful.

He pushed a hand down into my jeans, breached my panties and, finding me wet, pushed his fingers in my cunt, fucking me hard with his fingers as I held his arms to keep my balance.

"I like this so far," he said, laughing against my other breast. He used his teeth to draw my nipple out until it stung, but then soothed it with broad licks with his hot tongue.

I'd pushed my own hand into his jeans and found his dick gloriously hard and long. I played my fingertips over the top, finding a slick of pre-come there.

"Take those jeans off," he said, breaking our contact. I shimmied out of them and watched him shedding his like a tall snake shedding denim skin. His cock sprang up, spectacularly rigid and thick to boot.

He sank to his knees, grabbed my hips and pulled me to him. His arm knocked my stance wider and then he pushed his mouth to my pussy, tracing my outer lips with his tongue, torturing me so I squirmed. When I groaned, turned on and frustrated, he put me out of his misery and sucked my clit into his damp, warm mouth. His tongue tickled at my button, and his fingers drove back inside me.

I stabilized myself on a stack of boxes and arched forward. He sucked again, drawing secret symbols on that hard nub with his tongue until I bit my lip to silence my cries and came.

"Wet," he said, fingers slipping inside me again. "So fucking wet. And to think," he said, standing. "All I wanted was some ice cream and a pity party."

"No pity allowed," I said. "Only fucking."

I took him in hand and slid my fist up and down his length. I bent at the waist and sucked him deep. I only managed to slide my mouth along his cock a few times before he gathered handfuls of my long hair in his fists and tugged gently so I stood.

"Turn around," he growled.

I turned, splaying my upper body on the stack of boxes. I expected him to enter me, but instead he dropped to his knees again, biting gently along each ass cheek so that I



"HIS FINGERS PLUNGED INTO ME FROM BEHIND AND THEN MOVED FORWARD TO SLICKEN MY CLIT."

thrashed restlessly but loved every second. His fingers plunged into me from behind and then moved forward to slicken my clit with my own juices. All the while his teeth scraped and nipped my bottom and the backs of my thighs. He fucked me with his fingers, withdrew to lube my clit with them, and then he rimmed my asshole with his tongue until I lost it. I came again, just as hard, fingers scrabbling against the cardboard boxes and legs shaking like they were going to buckle and dump me on the floor.

Then he stood, taking my hips in his hand, squeezing so that I stayed still. He drove into me on a slow controlled thrust, and I gasped, hair hanging in my face. I was awake now. This was so much better than a millionth cup of coffee.

He fucked me fluidly, no rush, no hesitation. One big hand splayed along my lower back possessively. I shut my eyes,

imagining that big hand spanning my body, imagined it leaving a handprint on me so I could remember this.

He withdrew his cock, and I whimpered, but he pushed his fingers back inside me, teasing my G-spot, before plunging his cock back in my cunt. A wet finger wormed into my ass. Slowly at first, but when I groaned and took it easily, he added a second.

With his fingers in my ass and his cock pounding my pussy, I let myself go. I let him take me and have me, and I released all the frustration and exhaustion of the day.

He grunted, sliding those fingers in and out of my back hole, the friction palpable as his cock moved in and out of my cunt.

"This is quite the pick-me-up," he said, his voice deep.

"Agreed."

"And seeing this. My dick going in and out of your pussy, my fingers working their way into your ass, I'm a goner. I want you to come with me. Can you come with me?"

His voice was gruff with barely-there self-control.

"Fuck yes," I said.

That was all he needed. His tempo sped up as he fucked me hard enough that only my toes touched the floor. I gripped the boxes, driving back against him, working one hand beneath my chest to pinch my nipple hard enough that I saw stars. When he growled, "Fuck..."

I knew he was coming. I pinched again, and I came right along with him. That bright spot of pain pushing me over the edge into my own release.

I heard the bell for the front door. "Shit!"

LETTERS

▾ SERENDIPITY

We were laughing, putting ourselves back together, as the bell rang again. Before I could hurry out on shaky legs he grabbed me and kissed me.

"Thanks for the ice cream," he said.

I blushed. "There are better flavors than bubble gum. Definitely."

He kissed me one last time before following me out. His tongue tasted like me.

—T.G., Virginia Beach, Virginia

■ SUGAR RUSH

I'd seen him before. Tall, handsome, lanky, and dressed in jeans and a concert tee with two leather cuffs at his wrists. We hit the same candy store in the mall from time to time. He had to work there somewhere.

He went straight for the sour gummy worms, and I sighed. Then figured, *What the fuck*. I couldn't have the candy anymore, but maybe I could still grab something sweet.

"Weird question," I said, moving in close. I could smell him then. Leather and wood smoke. Maybe a little cedar. Or was it sandalwood? No matter. "Would you mind if I watched you eat those?"

A bark of laughter escaped him, and he turned his big brown eyes my way. "That is a weird question."

I shrugged. "I know. That's why I led with 'weird question.'"

"I've seen you here before." His eyes ticked over me, and I felt his gaze like an invisible hand stroking my skin. So he'd noticed. "Why would you want to watch me eat them instead of eating them yourself? You like the worms, the bears, and you like those tart red things that almost turn my face inside out."

So he'd definitely noticed the few times we'd been in the store together. A tall, lanky, shy boy, I had here.

"True. I love them all. I love everything in here, almost," I said, flinging my arms wide. "But I can't eat it anymore."

"Why?"

"Allergic to sugar. Test results just came in."

He looked distraught on my behalf. "That's awful."

"Truly."

"So why are you here?"

"Would it be weird to say I'm here to say good-bye?"

"No weirder than asking to watch me eat my candy."

"So, can I?"

He laughed. "Sounds like torture to me. But sure. I'm going out to my car. I get an hour for break, and I like to get as far from the mall as possible."

"You don't mind company?"

Two red splotches appeared on his cheeks, and I bit my inner cheek to keep from laughing. "Not if it's you. No."

I followed him out, admiring his ass in his faded jeans as he walked away from me. He had that walk only certain men can manage. Almost like watching a rolling wave come into shore. A confidence that he wasn't even aware of. I had a vivid flash of those big pale hands on my thighs, parting me. And another vivid flash of his dark hair falling over his eyes as he fucked me.

His car was an old, faded sedan. The sedan equivalent to my old, faded hatchback. It made me smile. He unlocked the door for me, and I climbed in. Then he opened his door and settled behind the wheel, peeling open his cellophane bag of candy.

"I feel like a shit eating this in front of you, you know?" The meager yellow light from parking garage lighting draped half his face in shadows.

"Don't. I asked."

"Are you a masochist?" he asked, biting the candy worm in half. I could tell by his tone that it was half a joke, half not.

"Sometimes," I smiled. "Just eat."

I watched him eat four worms in a row and imagined the sugary, tart burst of sweet and sour on my tongue. I'd miss candy. But I could find a substitute.

"You know," he said, conversationally. "I



“HE ANGLED HIS BODY SO HE COULD WATCH HIS COCK DISAPPEAR INTO ME.”

really want to kiss you right now.”

I didn't pause. I climbed between the seats into the back and curled a finger at him.

As long and lanky as he was, he had no issue clearing the front seats and joining me. I moved forward for that kiss he'd threatened, but he put a broad hand on my chest between my breasts. “I have sugar in my mouth. Maybe I should wash it out first.”

I blinked.

“Is this allergy just if you ingest it? Not topical?”

“Not topical,” I said.

He popped the button on my jeans before I knew what he was doing. When I didn't protest, but instead drew in a sharp breath, he slid my zipper down. I lifted my hips for him, and he tugged my jeans down to my knees and pulled me forward just enough that I laid back in the seat. He was tall so it was a true acrobatic feat, but he folded his long body up, spread my thighs and proceeded to deliver slow, even licks to my clit.

My hips rose and my fingers threaded into his dark hair. His mouth suctioned over my clit, drawing on me until I gave a strangled cry. He pushed thick fingers inside my cunt and curled them, swirling that lovely wet tongue across the rigid bud of my clit until I saw stars in the dark car.

“If you can't have sugar, you can have orgasms. One... or two... maybe more.”

He sucked my clit again, big hands pinning my hips so I couldn't squirm. When I came—my juices rushing to meet his mouth—he chuckled darkly. “That's one.”

I arched up, trying to get more of that tongue, and he took the hint that gentle

was no longer needed. His laps and whirls and licks became harder, and the sensation swirled up into my pussy, spreading into my lower belly, my middle, my chest. I could feel the warm, red spots that stained my cheeks.

I came again, smacking one hand against the fogged up window, smearing a handprint along the glass.

“Hurry,” I said, reaching for him.

He worked his buckle and fly easily, shoving his jeans down and positioning me to his liking before climbing between my thighs. When we kissed, his tongue tasted like me instead of sugar-laden treats. His cock, big and thick, slid into me with ease, and I grabbed his shoulders, slamming my body up because I was well past worry and manners.

“Good as sugar?” he murmured in my ear, and I could tell he was smiling.

“Better. I can deal with no sugar. I can't deal with no fucking,” I said, laughing.

His thrusts were deep and even until I tugged his hair. It was soft and long enough to yank. He hissed in my ear, but his big body bucked over me, driving his cock deep.

He pushed my knees up so I was spread as much as possible for him. Then he angled his body so he could watch his cock disappearing into me. He watched each

thrust, breath growing harsh and hair hanging in his eyes. “I like to see,” he said.

I watched his face. The wonder and the arousal. The dark stains from the irregular light that made his face look like some wounded hero from a comic book. His thumb found my clit, and he pressed before drawing a tight circle over that bit of flesh.

Pleasure flooded me again, and I moaned.

The moan tested his resolve because his movements became more desperate. He fucked me harder and deeper, so I moaned again. His thumb pressed and swirled as he drove into me. I squeezed my pussy tight around his shaft, and he growled, “Christ.”

One more firm revolution, one more rough thrust, and I came with a long liquid moan. He dropped onto me, face buried in the crux of my neck. His hands held my hips pinned, and he took me in the way he needed, fast, hard, panting against my hot skin.

When he came, I felt another small orgasm flicker through me, milking his cock.

“That was four,” I whispered.

“Bonus,” he said. He sat up and held out his hand to help me up. “Maybe I'll see you again?”

I smiled, pulling up my jeans. “Maybe.”

—R.D., Lincoln, Nebraska



LETTERS

▸ SERENDIPITY

■ ROOM SERVICE

I heard the crashing noise. That was what made me turn around. Then the not-so-soft sounds of someone cursing violently like a sailor. She was tall; I could tell that even as she squatted there in the parking lot, trying to wrangle her runaway office supplies while her empty bag flew away on the wind.

I hurried over and stopped a roll of packing tape with the toe of my shoe, my lunch still swinging by my side in a plastic bag. Nearly forgotten, might I add, because at that point I was fixated on her long, long legs and trying to figure out how she hovered like that, just above the macadam, on very high heels.

She looked up into my shadow as I held out the tape.

"Jesus, thanks," she said, trying to take it from me. Her arms were already pretty full.

"Is this your car? I can just help you put it in."

She stood, holding a few notebooks and packages of ball-point pens and colored index cards.

"It is. And thanks again." She wrinkled her

nose against the sudden burst of sun in the sky and hit her key fob to unlock the car. I opened the door, and she found a small box on the floor near the backseat. She placed the items in as I bent to gather a few of her runaway things.

"This isn't one of those abduction scenarios, is it?" she asked with a laugh.

"I don't think I could have mind-tricked you into dropping your bag," I said, picking up a box of paperclips from the few things still on the ground. "Plus, I wouldn't have brought my own lunch," I added, displaying my bag.

"Good. Never talk to strangers and all that," she sighed, running a hand through her strawberry-blonde hair. "Unless they're chasing your packing tape across the ground."

I laughed as she said, "I'm Melissa."

I shook her hand and introduced myself.

"So, this is even worse than talking to strangers, but can I buy you a drink? I know it's only two o'clock but damn..." She eyed the battered supplies piled in a lone box in the back of what appeared to be a rental car. "I could really use a fucking drink, you know?"

I was trying to keep my eyes on her face, but they kept skimming her hourglass figure,

her wild hair, her bright blue eyes, and the legs. Long as hell, those legs.

I forgot to speak, and she said, "Is it because I just said fuck? With a few other choice words before that?"

I laughed. "I'd love a drink. And no, if we're being honest here, I was staring at your legs."

She blew out a long, slow breath and smiled. It was a heart-stuttering smile. "Come have a drink with me after this shitty day and you might get to see them up-close."

The words went straight to my cock, and I blinked in the bright sunshine. I realized I was holding my lunch a bit too tight. Something told me my sandwich was ruined.

"Does that shock you?"

"Yes. But..."

"But?"

"But it also turns me on like nothing I've ever heard."

"Follow me," she said. "My crappy hotel has a crappy bar. To go with the crappy day." Then she grabbed my tie and pulled me close. Her mouth was warm and sweet, and her tongue slipped across mine, causing my cock to stiffen further. "But the day might be looking up," she said against my mouth. Then while I tried to recover, she got in her vehicle and closed the door.

I headed to my car, questioning my sanity. Was this really happening? But when I pulled from my spot to get behind her vehicle—fully expecting her to be gone—there she was. Waiting. For me. The trip to her hotel was only fifteen minutes from the parking lot. I used the time to gather my wits and text my partner that something had come up and I wouldn't be returning to work. Something had come up all right, and it didn't look as if it was going to go down any time soon. At least, not until I'd seen those legs up-close. Preferably, wrapped around my waist as I fucked her.

She was waiting for me by the entrance to the building, holding her box of battered purchases. "Can we drop these in my room first?"

I followed dutifully, trying and failing not to watch her ass swing as she walked. The black fabric hugged her curves, and I tried to picture what was beneath. It wasn't hard for my mind to go there.

In the elevator, she smiled. "Do you think I'm odd?"

"No."

"Bad day. Forgot a bunch of stuff and



wanted some supplies for a work project, and then, well, you saw. Rough flight."

"Sorry to hear that!" I held out my hands. "Do you want me to hold that?"

She shook her head. "I'm fine. The day improved when you stopped to help." There was that smile again, and my brain seemed to sink swiftly to my crotch. My brain and every bit of blood in my body. But still, I wasn't getting my hopes up. This was too surreal.

She was in 213. "My swipe card's in my pocket. Mind getting it?"

The magic skirt didn't look like it had pockets, but when I looked hard I saw a small slit in the seam. I fished my fingers in, searching for the thin plastic card. The firm curve of her hip distracted me for a moment until I forced my digits deeper into the recess and found the card. I pinched it between two fingers and drew it out, losing my grasp once and having to dive for it again. I was close to her then. Close enough to smell her perfume—something that smelled like high-summer honeysuckle.

She surprised me by kissing me. A long, lingering, bold kiss that almost had me dropping the card from between my fingers.

"Swipe," she said, finally.

I did. It took two tries because my hand was shaking and all I could seem to focus on was my hard-on.

Her room was small but nice, and she dropped the box on a small dining table. Her unopened suitcase was still on the bed.

She kicked off her shoes and squeezed her toes into the carpet. Then she bounced up and down on her heels. Every motion flexed the muscles in her spectacular calves. She caught me looking.

"You know, you could see them up-close first and then we could get that drink." She tugged up her fitted skirt just enough that I could see above her knees. The elegant danceresque muscles in her thighs flexed as she moved again.

"Whatever you want," I said. And I meant it. If she asked me to levitate I'd give it my best damn effort.

She nodded as if it had all been decided, reached behind herself, and not long after, I heard the tearing whisper of her zipper being drawn down. She turned her back to me and shimmed out of the skirt and let it drop. Beneath, she wore nothing but a small black thong. Her ass was incredible.



My heart stuttered. I struggled to breathe. She turned back to me and began unbuttoning her proper white blouse. Beneath that was a nude demi-cup bra with a hint of lace.

I worked to get my tongue unstuck from the roof of my mouth.

"Are you just going to stand there and stare?"

I shook my head, not trusting my voice. I stripped down to nothing and then she sank to her knees, damn near killing me. Her talent for kissing definitely translated. She took my cock in her mouth, sweeping her cherry-red lips down the shaft. The velvet of her cheeks and tongue and throat enveloped me. For some reason, she kept her hands clasped behind her back as she sucked me.

Look, ma! No hands! The thought flitted

through my addled brain, and I laughed. But she didn't stop sucking, just raised a single brow as her cheeks hollowed from the force of her suction. It almost made me weep, that suction.

Her big blue eyes slammed shut, and she licked a hot line up the back of my cock. I forced my hands into her hair, held her head and took her mouth. I was not shy anymore, sure that she welcomed the pressure of my hands cradling her head. She sighed and then sucked only my cockhead. Then it was my turn to sigh.

She broke free, and I watched her stand. She stared me down as she unhooked her bra and dropped it on the floor. My hand went to her breasts of their own volition, eager to feel if her skin was as soft as it looked, if her nipples were as rigid as they appeared. They were. I pinched her nubs, and she hummed, eyes sliding shut again. I moved in sucking one hard pink tip, pulling it with my teeth, nipping her so she gasped.

She took a deep breath and turned her back to me, sticking her ass out. "It's been a shitty day. A shitty week. Can you do me a favor and give me a few swats before the fucking?"

I stared at her peach of an ass, bisected by the black thong. I only hesitated a second, but she waggled her bottom at me as if to entice me. I saw my hand strike before I knew I was doing it, shocked by the harsh sound of flesh meeting flesh. She moaned, and I moved in closer, proceeding to repeat the blow on the opposite side.

**"SHE TOOK
MY COCK IN
HER MOUTH,
SWEEPING HER
LIPS DOWN
THE SHAFT."**

LETTERS

↘ SERENDIPITY



I pushed my fingers beneath the crotch of her thong, drove them into her, found her wet and willing. More than wet. Drenched.

Then I went back to spanking her, trusting her to tell me when she was done. My palm throbbed, and I watched, amazed, as my palm prints blossomed on her pale skin like time-elapsed photography catching a flower bloom.

"Yes," she said, hair hanging in her face.

I couldn't help myself. I shoved my fingers back into her soaking-wet cunt. Three this time. I drew them in and out as I watched her squirm.

I was the one who called a truce. I pushed her on the bed, and she bounced once, laughing.

I climbed onto her, tugging the tiny thong over her flared hips and then down her long legs. She spread her legs, and I saw the red juiciness of her sex. How turned on she was. How eager.

She grabbed my arm and hauled me to her. My brain wanted to question how I got from snagging a quick lunch at the market to here, but I shoved the thought aside. Because, really, who cared?

I thrust into her. Her heat and tightness gripped me, and I gritted my teeth to make myself focus. I didn't want this to be over before it had begun.

Those long soft legs wrapped around my waist as she thrust up beneath me, taking

**"HER PUSSY
MILKED MY COCK
LIKE ITS MISSION
WAS TO MAKE
ME COME."**

every inch of me, her wet pussy lips kissing the base of my cock. She squeezed her internal muscles, and light blossomed behind my closed eyelids, so I opened them up and watched her. She licked her lips and then craned her neck to kiss me. Her small hands locked behind my neck, her body moving up eagerly every time I drove into her. I bit her lip, and she cried out, a shiver working through her lithe frame.

Again, she squeezed me with her cunt, and I saw little twinkling lights in my peripheral vision. *This might kill me*, I thought. *But what a way to go.*

"Now my shoulder," she said. "Hard."

I kissed my way down her neck, driving into her roughly, but taking my time on the withdrawal. She did smell like summer. And sunshine.

I bit her shoulder hard, and she came, her cries bouncing around the no-frills room. Her pussy milked my driving cock like its mission was to make me come. But I didn't want to come yet, so I held on.

"Flip me over, flip me over..." she mumbled. "Take me from behind."

I pulled free of her, my cock slick with her wetness. I flipped her on her belly, and she moved to her hands and knees, tossing back that mane of strawberry-blond hair. I didn't ask, I didn't worry, and I was getting a hang of what she liked.

I wrapped her hair around my fist and held it so her head stayed upright, staring straight ahead. Then I knocked her legs apart and drove back inside her. My free hand splayed across the bright red palm prints on her ass.

She whimpered and ground back against me, her body slamming back to meet my forward motion.

"This is what I needed," she said. "This is what I wanted. Stress sucks. Fucking fixes that."

I tugged her hair with a little sharp movement, and she groaned. I did it again and laid another smack down on her ass cheek.

"Fuck," she whispered.

So I repeated it. A tug of the hair, a smack on the ass, a hard thrust inside her tight cunt. When I slipped a finger into her back hole, she came. A sudden, hard, orgasm that rippled across my dick like a wave. I lost it then, all my resolve folded in like a house of cards, and I came, my gruff cries an interesting contrast to her high ones.

I stayed there, inside her, until I caught my breath and then rolled to my side on the bed. "Jesus," she said, laughing.

"Wow," I laughed. I had found my voice.

-Name and address withheld

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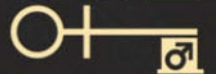
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TOP TEN SEXY TRAVEL TIPS

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9. Leave the underwear at home.
8. Send a sexy selfie to your seatmate.
7. Join the Mile-High Club.
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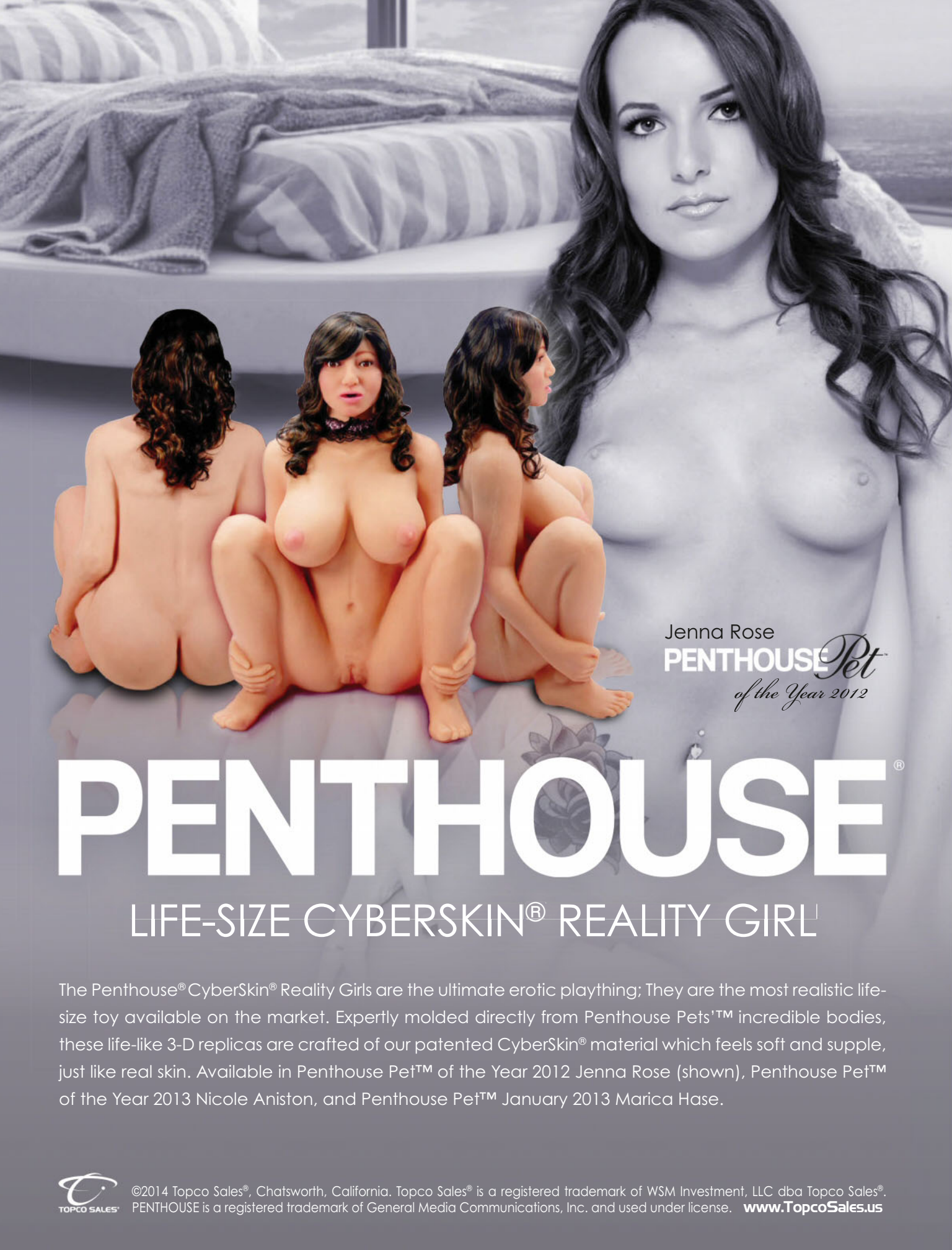


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VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

August *Variations* kicks off with the debauchorous confessions of bad boys and naughty girls. A lifestyle submissive plays the brat to get the punishment she craves, a kinky couple gets down and dirty in the garden, a horny cougar reminisces about her introduction to erotic discipline, and brand-new lovers discover that nothing makes him hotter than a bare-bottom spanking.

Anal sex is the star of the show in David Greenwood's delightfully dirty "Back Door to Summer." This booty-banging couple engages in their favorite act anytime and anywhere possible. Michelle Mitchell's kink-laden "Taking Control" reveals the inner workings of a dominatrix's thoughts as she puts her favorite submissive through his paces to give them both the type of scene they crave.

And to round out this month's issue, Wide World of Variations presents a sexy collection of tales, including a dance-studio dalliance, a burlesque-inspired backdoor scene, and a threeway that indulges a wife's desire to see some man-on-man action.

One thing these varied stories all have in common is that they show us just how good it is to be bad.

—The Editors



**WHEN THE HUNGER FOR ORGASMIC RELEASE MEETS
THE UNDENIABLE LONGING FOR EROTIC PUNISHMENT,
THE RESULTS ARE BOUND TO PLEASE.**

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ALL FIRED UP

I'm what many people would describe as a cougar—an older woman who is sexually voracious. But while my eye wanders, I've been physically faithful for more than 25 years to my dear husband, Simon.

We have a satisfying, kinky sex life, but I often reminisce about my first spanking. That treasured memory still fires me up to this day.

When I was 22, I moved to a new town for my first job. From the first moment I saw my supervisor, Roger, I was awestruck. He was a handsome, authoritative man, whose demeanor reminded me of a school principal. The gleam in his eye made him seem like he was all-knowing, like I wouldn't be able to slack off or misbehave without him being onto me. I wasn't alone in my assessment. The other young women in the office thought he was hot, but they seemed wary of him, too, in an oddly excited way. I assumed their "fear" came from their healthy respect for Roger and his rules; he claimed he needed to be strict in order to keep the business running smoothly and profitably, and therefore keep everyone employed.

There was the occasional hushed whisper about what happened when any of the girls had disobeyed one of Roger's edicts, but I was never privy to their discussions and was left in the dark. As the new girl, I was treated as an outsider. Turns out, it didn't take me long to get inducted into their special sisterhood.

Only a few weeks into my job, I showed up 20 minutes late for my shift. I'd been up late the night before talking to one of my girlfriends about a hot date I'd just had, and I totally overslept the next morning. I'd hoped to sneak in without Roger noticing, but there was no chance. He was standing in his office doorway, glaring at me with his muscular arms crossed over his chest. I quickly scurried to my seat and began to set up my work for the day. All through the morning, I could feel Roger looking at me. The attention made me nervous and unable to focus properly on a single task.

Right before lunchtime, Roger stopped by my desk and told me to wait for him in his office; we had a serious matter to discuss. The girls nearby giggled nervously, and I had butterflies in my stomach. I thought for sure that I was going to get fired. As the rest

of the staff filed out for lunch—casting me both piteous and jealous looks—I did as my boss requested with my heart racing and my cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Just a few minutes later, Roger came into his office to find me standing before his neatly appointed desk. He immediately began lecturing me about my tardiness and how my coworkers depended on me to be punctual. I started to stammer an apology, but Roger raised his hand to silence me.

"We take rule-breaking very seriously in this office. Ask any of your coworkers, and they'll tell you. You've been a very bad girl, and I'm going to have to punish you."

"P-p-punish me?" I asked, feeling breathless and inexplicably excited at hearing the words. "Punish me how?"

**"YOU'VE BEEN A
VERY BAD GIRL,
AND I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO
PUNISH YOU."**

"With a spanking. You'll bend over my desk, lift your skirt and pull down your panties, and then we'll begin."

I was shocked but felt compelled to obey. Meekly and obediently, I bared my bottom for my boss and placed my hands on the desktop. There I stood with my pussy and ass on display; I was blushing but was more turned on than I'd ever been in my life. I wanted Roger to see me naked, to see how moisture was already pooling in my cunt at the thought of him punishing me. The logical part of my brain told me this was a ridiculous scenario and that I should storm out of his office. But the crazy, lustful part couldn't wait for Roger to spank my ass. I was a bad girl and wanted every bit of discipline he'd deliver. My insolence and newfound desire were obvious, but Roger made me wait,

building my excitement and anticipation. I impatiently shifted my weight from one high-heeled foot to the other before I felt his cool hand pass over my naked ass. I shivered at his gentle touch, lulled into a sexy state as he caressed me. I began to rock my hips back and forth, inviting him with my wanton movements to spank my exposed behind.

My lewd behavior earned me a swift, hard slap that made me gasp. "Such a naughty girl," he muttered, almost wistfully. His tone made me shiver with delight. Now Roger was through making me wait. He rained down blow after blow, not giving me a second to catch my breath. His stern spanking quickly heated my bottom, the wicked warmth spreading to my aroused pussy. Each time he made contact, I felt myself growing more and more turned on. While I maintained my position, I couldn't help the little gasps that escaped my lips. My reactions seemed to egg on Roger; every little utterance I released was answered with an even firmer smack. Roger was feeding off of my excitement, and we drove each other higher and higher.

When I was on the edge of orgasm, Roger decided I was sufficiently punished. He ordered me to get up and adjust my clothing. I pulled my panties up over my well-spanked cheeks, knowing I'd feel that delicious heat for the rest of the day and plotting when I'd be able to sneak off to the bathroom to address the hunger in my cunt.

"I hope you've learned your lesson young lady," Roger said, looking as flustered as I felt. "If there's a next time, I promise you I won't be so lenient."

At that moment, I made a promise to myself that there definitely would be a next time. And there was.

—M.S., Via Email

BLOSSOMING LUST

Jack knew just where to find me when the sun was setting on a late August night. There I was, out in the garden wrestling tomato bushes in their tomato cages.

"Having fun?"

I glanced up, dirty and sweaty, and I felt myself frown. "Not in the least."

"You get too worked up over these gardens," he said.

I stood, stretching my back and pushing



a hunk of damp hair out of my eyes. "I work really hard on these gardens," I countered. My voice came out much harsher than intended.

"I know. I'm only saying that gardening should be a pleasure, not a stressor."

I rolled my eyes. "Well, sorry that I don't want the bushes to collapse from the storm damage."

We'd had some hefty thunderstorms in the last week or so and the winds had wreaked havoc on my neat, orderly rows.

"It's late season. Let them get a little wild. My grandfather didn't even cage them. They'd grow and spread along the ground. His tomatoes were some of the best."

"Jack!" I snapped, in no mood to get gardening tips from a man who didn't even own a houseplant. The tone in my voice got his attention, and he did something completely unexpected. He grabbed my wrist and hauled me forward. "Someone needs to de-stress."

"Not in the mood for a lecture," I huffed.

His mouth narrowed into a tight line, and he surprised me again by dropping down on the ground between the lusty rows of tomato plants and pulling me with him. My knees hit the ground and I let out a little "oomph."

"I'm not in the mood to give a lecture," he said as he levered me forward with his large hands. I found myself sprawled across his lap in the dirt, tomato bushes tickling at my hair.

"What are you—"

Before I could finish, he'd yanked down my ancient gym shorts and my striped panties. His hand landed with a loud crack, and I yelped.

"Jack!" My voice was irate but my body was reacting. He'd never spanked me before, had only joked about it. Now I felt a sudden and surprising rush of lust, and I wriggled on his lap in spite of myself. *I should be angry*, I thought. *I should be livid*. Instead I heard myself say his name again, but with an entirely different tone. The anger had been replaced by want and uncontrolled hunger.

His hand smoothed along the skin he'd just smacked, and I grew wetter. I gasped when he pressed his fingertips to the place where the blow had been delivered. I opened my mouth to speak as a second blow rained down.

I moaned and managed a half-assed "No. Stop."

"Really?" he asked, his voice thick with desire. He tugged my pants up no more than an inch and I went rigid. I realized I didn't want him to. Not at all.

"Someone will see," I said, making up excuses now. I had no idea why. Maybe because I thought I should.

He didn't say anything at first. Just delivered two more blows to my ass—left then right. The skin felt as if it was glowing, and my pussy seemed to thump in time with my heart. I hung my head and realized I could feel the hardness of his dick where I was pressed against him.

"Nonsense. This is the back garden and no one can see us here. Nothing beyond this plot but a big thicket of trees and an old shed."

My next protest was cut off by the gunshot sound of his hand connecting with my ass yet again. This time three quick blows landed so fast the pain seemed to be fading into pleasure by the time I realized he'd connected with my tender skin.

I squirmed again. "Jesus, Jack... Jack..." I had nothing else to say.

His fingers penetrated me, and I found that from a single touch I was on the verge of orgasm. He gave me a few deep thrusts with his fingers, stimulating my G-spot, giving me such delicious torture I began to cry. Then he resumed the spanking, alternating quick sudden blows that kept me on edge. He paused and touched my bottom with his fingertips, eliciting a shiver.

"Please," I said. "Just... something..."

I was begging, and I didn't even know for what. But he'd taken me to very edge of where I wanted to be, and I needed him to help me. Save me. Give me what I needed.

His fingers pushed back inside me and he said, "Say you're sorry."

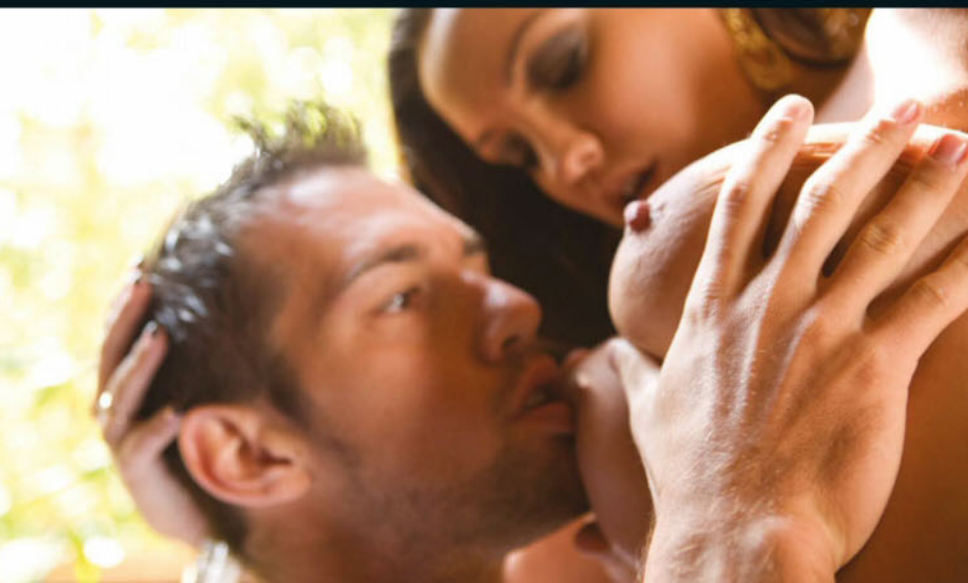
"I'm sorry!"

He chuckled. "For what?"

"For yelling. For being so stressed about a bush. For... anything you want me to be sorry for," I finished weakly.

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He flipped me suddenly, my back hitting the dry dirt and fat green tomato bush leaves. He yanked off my shorts and panties. I felt a fruit squash beneath me and found myself laughing. He got up on his knees and undid his zipper.

I could barely make out his face in the growing gloom, but from what I could see it was dark with intent and need. He freed his cock and moved over me, hiking my legs up, positioning himself, and driving into me with a sudden, rough thrust.

His pelvic bone kissed my clitoris, and I cried out softly. He did it again and again, and when he yanked my knees up high, he opened my body to his driving cock. He thrust once more, and I came with a loud cry, startling some birds from the nearby trees.

Jack leaned over me and kissed me. His mouth was soft and sweet, and I felt myself smiling despite how our encounter had started.

"Again," he said, reaching up to pinch my nipple and rotating his hips in that certain way that always makes me nuts. That move never fails to make me come, and as a second orgasm rushed toward me and the cicadas started their nightly screaming serenade, I muttered. "Yes, Jack, whatever you want. Another it is."

He laughed, waggled his hips again, pinched my other nipple and bit my collarbone. It was the perfect storm of stimulation, and as that second orgasm hit, he gave in and had his own, shuddering over me with the force of his climax.

"MY HANDPRINTS GLOWED ON HIS SKIN AND THE SIGHT MADE MY PUSSY ACHE."

"Wow," I said, realizing my ass was pounding in time with my runaway heart.

"You know, I was thinking," he began, kissing my shoulder softly.

"Yeah?"

"I think we should work in the garden together more often."

—M.M., Roanoke, Virginia

DIRTY DATE

Oh, you're a bad boy," I uttered, seeing Russ blush instantly. We were on our third date, and he had just ordered a rib eye and a baked potato with extra sour cream. I took the opportunity to tease him about his culinary indulgence and was surprised by his reaction.

"Look at you. You're all red," I pointed out playfully.

We were at a small dive bar that served cheap drinks and really great food. The place was a well-kept secret by the regulars, which we were quickly becoming.

"Am I?" He took a sip of his beer and looked away. His body language screamed two things at me: Uncomfortable. Turned on.

"You are." I was amused. We sat in a not-so-comfortable silence—for him—while we waited for our food, which was quick to arrive.

I watched Russ cut a piece of steak and noted his hands were shaking a touch.

"Sorry. Must be the beer," he commented apologetically.

"I don't think so." I leaned in close and added, "Don't linger over your meal, Russ. We're going back to my place." I put just enough steel in my voice to make his slight blush turn lobster red.

I had to repress my laugh. I leisurely ate my salad as I watched him squirm and try to enjoy his steak.

Russ ended up getting a doggie bag for the meal he'd craved so much. I left my car at the bar's lot and gave him driving directions to my house. He pulled into my driveway, parked the car and stared at me. I watched him swallow reflexively over and over again.

"What are you staring at, bad boy? Get your ass in gear. Let's go." I had my keys in my hand but paused to admire how his hands shook harder as he tried to unbuckle his seat belt.

At the base of the steps, I pointed toward the entrance. "Go."

He hustled up to the top and stood to the side so I could unlock the front door.

"In," I said, pushing it wide.

He went inside. His legs didn't seem to know what to do: hurry from excitement or hesitate from fear. I swatted his ass and heard him moan. He rushed into the house, and I smiled. Because now I had a good idea of what I was dealing with.

I locked up and ordered, "Pants and underwear off. Lean your upper body on the couch cushions and stick your ass out. Do as I say the first time I say it, and you'll be fine. Don't and it'll be much worse for you."

I tried so hard not to smile when he stared at me wide-eyed as if he'd hit the lottery. He pulled his belt off and let his pants drop. His

cock was already as hard as a divining rod and nearly as long. I bit my lip to keep my own giddiness at bay.

He dropped to his knees on the hardwood floor after he ditched his boxers. He leaned his big upper body over the couch and pushed his bare ass back. I really wanted to use his belt on his ass or even my favorite crop. But this was our first time together, and I already knew what that swat on the ass had done to him. Besides, a hand-spanking is much more personal. So I pulled up the ottoman and sat on it. I stroked my fingernail along his ass cheek and watched the magical moment as his skin pebbled into goosebumps. Then I continued down his ass crack, my touch making Russ whimper.

I was teasing him. I knew it, and he knew it. And he'd have to suck it up because I planned on teasing him a little more before giving him what he craved. What we both craved.

I smoothed my fingertips along the curve of his ass. I traced circles and figure eights. I swept my fingers back and forth, occasionally drifting them down the backs of his thighs until I saw a fine tremor start in his biceps and shoulders. He looked like he might cry.

I smiled at him, and he looked stricken, unsure of how to react. It was in that moment of confusion that I delivered the first hard blow. The crack of flesh against flesh sounded like dry wood snapping. His hips bucked, and Russ moaned again, but this time it was from way down deep. I glanced beneath him to see his excited cock bobbing.

I hummed softly to myself as I worked, slapping his beautiful butt. "I'm not going to make you count," I said, delivering three more fast sharp blows in succession. "I'm not going to make you do something silly like that. I'm simply going to spank your ass, Russ, until it's a color I like."

I landed three more slaps and then let my fingertip wander along his ass crack again. His body lurched. I could see my overlapping handprints glowing on his skin, and the sight made my pussy ache. I hadn't even noticed I'd gotten wet until I got wetter.

I dropped to my knees on the floor so I was fully behind him and he couldn't see me. I gave the back of each thigh a good smack. Then each flank. His body jittered like he was being electrocuted. He wanted me to spank his ass until I couldn't stand it anymore. I



resisted momentarily, spanking anything but his ass. When I finally returned to his bottom, I gave him eight solid blows. His butt was a cherry red, and he was nearly humping my poor sofa.

"Do you want to come?"

His head bobbed up and down, his big manly body twitching with an attempt at self-control.

"Turn around."

He faced me still on his knees. Then I splayed my hand against his chest and pushed him back onto the hardwood floor. I tugged off my panties and then straddled him so that the hot, smooth length of his shaft kissed my wetness and nudged my clit just right.

He grunted, and I smiled. "Every time I come down on you, that tender, red ass of yours will get ground into the floor. It's going to hurt, you know?"

He nodded vigorously. I winked at him. "As long as you know."

Raising myself slightly, I positioned his cock at the entrance to my pussy and then slowly sank down. Every inch elicited a groan from Russ. The more weight I put on him, the more his tender bottom had to be singing.

I started to rock my hips faster and faster, pinning his wrists to the floor with my hands so he couldn't touch me—which he clearly wanted to do. I drove down on him over and over drawing grunts and groans with every movement.

"Do not come until I say you can," I instructed sternly.

I moved my hips from side to side, which made him whimper. I knew it wouldn't take me long to come, as wet as I was, as hard as he was. Small flickers of pain crossed his features only to be quickly consumed by pleasure. It was a beautiful sight.

I came with a shudder, my hair hanging down so that the tips brushed his stubbled cheeks. I rocked again, more slowly this time, watching the concentration on his face. When I increased my tempo, I whispered,

"You've been a good boy, Russ. You may come."

I let go of his wrists, and his hands shot up to seize my hips. He held me steady, thrusting up from beneath me desperately. It was the desperately part that got me. Because when his eyes slammed shut and he bellowed as he climaxed, I came with him.

I laughed softly and leaned down to kiss his flushed face. "Who knew that ordering a steak could be so telling?"

"Not me," he said.

"Me neither. But now I know. And there's a lot more to know isn't there?"

He nodded.

I smiled. "Don't worry. I'll get it out of you. One way or another."

—M.L., San Francisco, California

ONE BAD GIRL

Todd knows what I need in order to maintain a happy, carefree personality. I need strong, black coffee when I wake up, which he brings to me in bed because

he is far more of a morning person than I am. I need red meat twice a week, which he takes charge of because he is a master with hamburgers, steak, and roasts of every kind. But most importantly, I need regular spankings. When Todd puts me over his lap, takes down my panties and paddles my bare ass, all is right in my world.

Even though I know these facts to be true, I can still step into the role of the brat every so often. If Todd goes too long without punishing me, I begin to forget. I forget what his signals mean. I forget that he knows how to give a girl a burning hot bottom. I forget everything.

If we get to that point, Todd can shoot me a warning look, he can even run his hand along his belt buckle, he can whisper, "Lucy..." and still I will toss my hair and act like a willful filly.

He was on the phone when I started

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messing with him. First, I began to kiss his neck, but he brushed me off. I didn't like that. I knew he would have given me the attention I craved when he was finished on the phone if I could only control myself, but I wasn't able to. "Control" was no longer in my vocabulary.

Then I tried to take out his cock to blow him, and he moved me away, saying, "Hold on, Lucy," under his breath. Hold on, Lucy? Who did he think he was talking to? Todd knows all about the magic of my mouth. How could he refuse a blowjob? My feelings were hurt, but rather than stoke the fire of a full-blown pout and rush off to our room to sulk, I did something a little crazy.

I stripped and got out one of my vibrators from our bedroom. Had I stayed in the bed to take care of myself, I might have ended the evening with a delicious climax and a cool bottom. As it was, I pushed Todd past his limits and wound up with an ass as red as a cherry. Luckily, the climaxes I received definitely made up for the discomfort I endured.

Back in the living room, I lay down on our plush white carpet and started to fuck myself with the vibrator a few feet away from Todd. He could see me, but he couldn't reach me without leaving his chair. His dark eyes burned coldly at me. He ran one hand through his short, black hair, a move I knew indicated that he was feeling frustrated. Well, good, I thought. I was feeling frustrated, too. Slowly, I began to slide the tip of the dildo up and down my pussy lips. I pretended I couldn't see Todd on the phone, that

I couldn't hear him, that I didn't register the looks he was giving me. I fluttered my eyelashes as I grew closer to climax.

I began plunging the dildo into my pussy. Wow, was I ever wet. I took a moment to remove the toy and lick the tip clean, all for Todd's benefit. My heart was racing as I brought the faux cock back to my pussy and thrust it all the way in to the hilt.

**"HE PAUSED
EVERY FEW
SMACKS TO
STROKE MY
HOT SKIN."**

"Oh, yeah," I moaned, wondering if my voice was loud enough for the person talking to Todd to hear. I peeked and saw he was glaring at me and cupping one hand over the mouthpiece of the phone. I should probably have stopped then, but I didn't want to. I wanted to push my boundaries, test my limits, jump up and down on any rule I might normally have paid attention to.

Todd hung up the phone and rushed to my side.

That's when I realized what I'd done. I'd given him the perfect reason to punish me.

"It's been five days," he said, standing me up before him. "I don't know how I didn't notice this before. You're fine on day one. You're swell on day two. You're a little edgy by day three." As he was talking, he took me to the sofa and bent me over his lap. "By day four, you're a bit of a brat, aren't you? And here we are at day five."

Todd paused and rested one big hand on my naked ass.

"This is what happens when you forget to spank me," I said into the sofa cushions. Famous last words.

Todd remembered pretty quickly. His hand flashed against my ass over and over, and the sound seemed to echo in the air around us. Had I really needed to be quite so bold? I wondered as he punished every inch of my ass cheeks. Had I absolutely needed to fuck myself in front of him like that?

I had plenty of time to rethink my behavior, because Todd did not go easy on me. He paused every few smacks to stroke my hot skin. Then he resumed the spanking, making sure to press his knee hard against my pussy so that I could feel my pussy juices soaking into the fabric of his gray slacks.

I could feel his erection, pressing up against me, but even that didn't slow him down. He didn't stop spanking me until he was good and ready to stop. All our games result in a situation like this—with me so dripping wet I can hardly stand it and Todd as hard as a tent pole.

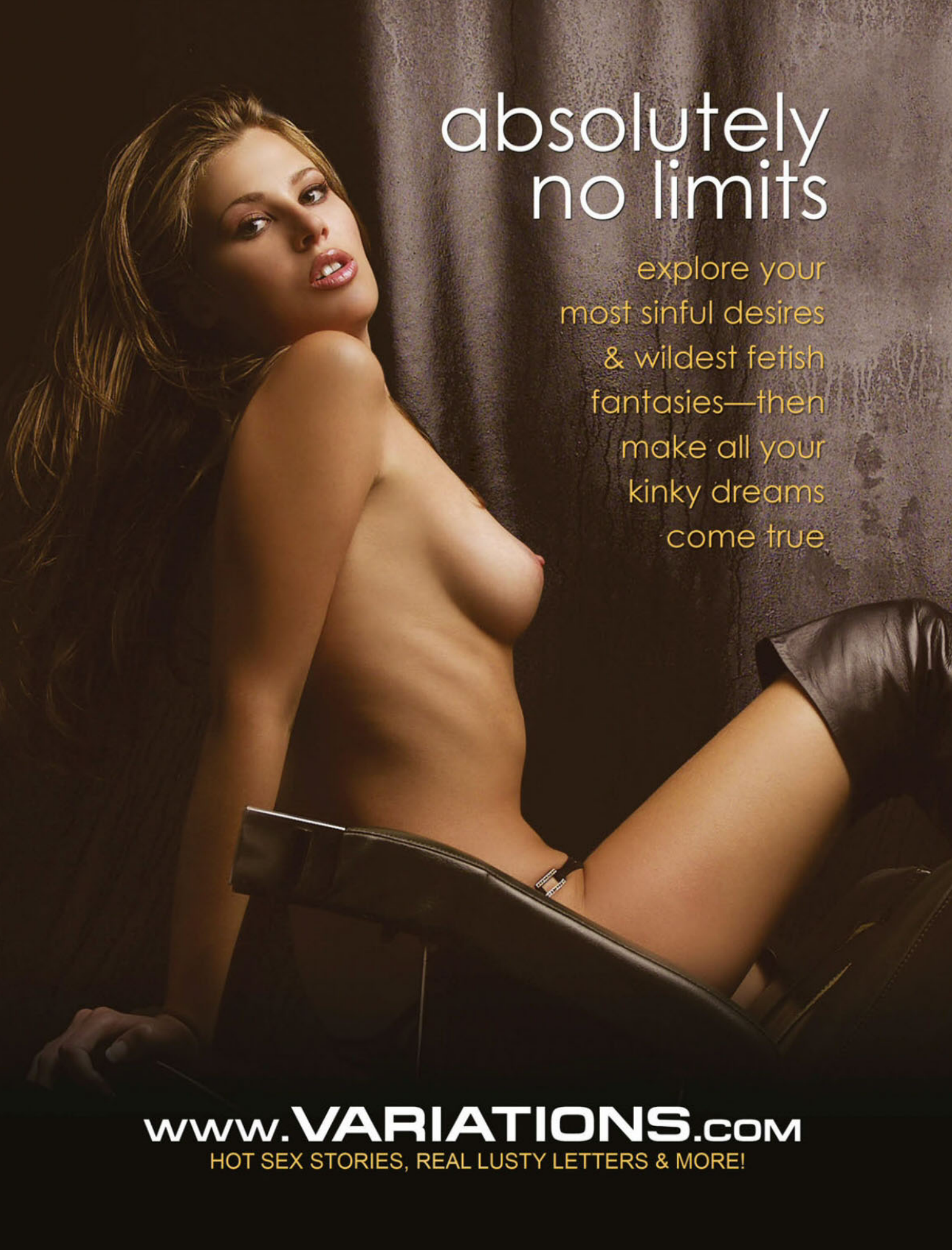
Then he pushed me off his lap and got me on all fours on the carpet. He reached for my vibrator and handed it to me, having me press the tip to my clit while he fucked me. I knew he was loving the vibrations of the toy, that he could feel the motor rumbling all the way through to his dick as he fucked me and I climaxed.

I should misbehave more...

—L.Y., Portland, Maine

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A woman with long, wavy brown hair is reclining in a black leather chair. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a black strapless top and black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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BACK DOOR TO SUMMER

Why wait for a special occasion? Every day is anal day in this butt-obsessed household.

By David Greenwood

My wife is proud of her figure, and justifiably so. Brianna is a fit 30-year-old brunette with nicely toned legs, irresistible breasts, and—best of all—a perfectly shaped, utterly delectable derriere. In fact, Brianna's ass is one of the reasons I love summer so much. Hot weather gives her plenty of opportunities to show off her killer kiester. She loves to do it, too.

I've spent many a lazy Saturday afternoon with Brianna in our swimming pool, trying to stay cool while marveling at those perfect ass cheeks of hers. Brianna wouldn't dream of wearing a swimsuit in our private backyard, so the display of her butt when she lies facedown on her pool float is a pristine one, unfettered by strings, straps or material of any kind. As she works on her all-over tan, I push her slowly around the pool, enjoying my close-up view of her sun-drenched, glistening bottom. Now and then she'll slide into the water for a few minutes to cool off, and when she climbs back onto her float, the water beads up on her well-oiled tush like rain on a freshly waxed Porsche.

Brianna's rear end need not be naked to be so alluring, however. At the mall downtown, or in the magical light of summer evenings at the old-town shopping district, my callipygian wife likes to stroll among the shops in provocative short shorts. Her favorite summer attire, she calls them "cute." I call them criminal. Either way, Brianna's tanned buns peek out like crescent moons, turning the head of each man we pass.

Sometimes we go down to the river on the east side of town. It's crowded on summer weekends, so Brianna has a big audience for her audaciously small swimsuits. The crowd seems to get quieter for a moment when Brianna arrives. I know we're being watched as I rub suntan lotion on my wife's beautiful, half-exposed ass. I simply grin to myself and feel a secret thrill, knowing I'm the one she's going home with at the end of the afternoon.

When we hit the town at night, Brianna's backside is no less captivating. She owns a

closetful of slinky dresses that cling to her curvy body and showcase the full, round shape of her ass cheeks. The sensual way she moves in those sexy hip-hugging outfits—well, it's enough to make a grown man cry.

Whatever the occasion and whatever the venue, all that tushy teasing on Brianna's part puts me in a passionate mood for sex—preferably of the anal variety. Fortunately, my wife thrives on backdoor action as a regular part of our love-making. That's why she does all the fanny-flirting in the first place. She loves anal sex more than any other way, and she wants it often.

"I GRABBED HANDFULS OF HER ASS AND BURIED MY FACE IN HER CRACK."

One night a few weeks ago, after a long, hot day in the pool, Brianna lay nude on our bed and started giving me a blow-by-blow account of a scene in the erotic romance novel she was reading. She only reads the really explicit books, and I could tell she was pretty worked up. I was in the bathroom, brushing my teeth.

"She's bent over a chair for him," Brianna called out. She read in silence for a moment. Then, her voice quivering with excitement, she continued: "Oh—he's putting his dick in her ass! He's taking his sweet time. She's frustrated, but she loves it. Ahh. She's got him all the way in there now..."

I came out of the bathroom to find Brianna

still lying prostrate on the bed, but now she had a hand under her hips so she could touch herself while she read. "Wow, they're going crazy," she murmured. And then, quite suddenly, she turned to look up at me. Her eyes burned with desire. "Want to do it right now, David? I'm so worked up. Come on! Please, fuck my ass. I want to take you up to your balls in there!"

What's a guy to do when his wife says a thing like that?

My cock grew fully erect in a matter of seconds. I took the book from Brianna and placed it on the bedside table, then lay down beside her. Our bodies slid together, skin to skin, and we kissed passionately. Brianna's hungry lips conveyed the agitated state of her libido and made my own arousal that much stronger. Her heart was pounding, and her face was slightly flushed. As we made out, our legs entwined and our hands sought one another's secret places. My fingers found the dripping crevasse between her legs and ventured inside, which made Brianna inhale sharply. She pushed against my exploring digits for a moment, urging me on, before another need compelled her to move down to my groin. I felt her hand on the base of my cock and the warm, wet pressure of her lips around my bulbous crown. I maneuvered myself so I could stroke the curvy contours of her ass while she blew me. Brianna liked my touch back there. It showed in the way her mouth suddenly felt hungrier, the grip of her lips more seductive. I moaned, relishing the sensation. Brianna is extraordinarily talented when it comes to giving head.

She's even better at using her ass to give pleasure, and to receive it. Driven by an eagerness that bordered on desperation, Brianna directed me that way now—to her tail end, which she offered up by rolling onto her stomach and lifting her hips off the bed. Her ass looked its absolute best like this, the fleshy globes perfectly rounded and smooth with the cleft open a bit, ready for whatever stimulation I saw fit to bestow.

I moved between Brianna's thighs,



grabbed handfuls of her ass cheeks, and buried my face in her crack. "Ooh, yeah... that's filthy wicked," said Brianna, giggling. I didn't start where she expected, though. First, I lapped at her pussy lips, tasting her tart juices. Then I moved higher, licking her sensitive perineum, before arriving finally at her anus. Brianna likes to remove every last trace of pubic hair down there, so the tactile feeling of smoothness against my face and mouth was sublime.

Her physical reactions grew noticeably stronger with every circle of my tongue around her tiny puckered hole. She slipped her hand beneath her hips once more, dipped a finger into her cunt, and began rubbing the slickened digit against her clitoris. Meanwhile, I still had a grip on her buttocks, and I spread those fleshy orbs wider so I could do a more thorough job of licking and rubbing Brianna's anal zone. She squirmed and bucked her backside against my face, demanding the most intense sensations I could deliver. Her fingers flew faster and faster between her puffy pussy lips, tweaking her clit and making her body quake ever more stridently. At last, the rapid flicks of my tongue against her backdoor, combined

with her own manipulation of her swollen clit, made Brianna climax wildly. Her ecstatic cries filled the room, and the bed shook with the force of her orgasm.

I was more than ready to fuck by this point, and Brianna didn't make me wait. She got up on her knees, but she kept her shoulders low, all the way down on her pillow in fact, which raised her booty high. I positioned myself on my knees directly behind her and took the bottle of lube that she offered me from her nightstand. Once my cock and her anus were greased appropriately, I entered her doggy-style. Inch by turgid inch, my flinty-hard penis cleaving the globes of Brianna's beautiful bottom on its inexorable march through her sphincter. Even though we have anal sex regularly, the sight still made my breath catch.

With gentle but insistent pressure, Brianna pushed back at me. Her need was great, her desire steadfast. I continued to lean into her as she backed up, and two heavenly minutes later, we achieved maximum penetration. My balls flattened against her vulva, and I could no longer see any portion of my rod outside of her orifice because it was all buried inside. Brianna reacted with the deep satisfaction

of one whose needs are being fulfilled. She went still momentarily, acclimating to my presence in her back channel, and then she let out a primal sound of pleasure. With a toss of her long dark hair, she looked over her shoulder and locked her heavy-lidded eyes on me.

"Oh, Dave," Brianna intoned. "You feel so big inside me. Let me fuck you. I'm going to make you fuck me..." Her words trailed off as her body began to move again, rocking lightly back and forth on her knees to propel my erection in and out of her asshole. Her moans of passion took on a deeper, rougher quality as she started pitching forward and back more forcefully. I hooked my hands around her hips and introduced my own thrusts to the equation. Soon we were both breathing hard, lost together in the buildup of orgasmic sensation.

Tearing my gaze away from Brianna's face, I fixed my stare on my thick hard-on as it crammed repeatedly into my wife's lovely bum. Each withdrawal was followed by a swift and thorough re-entry through her ring of muscle, and a corresponding slap of my balls against her clit.

"Yes, lover, yes, go on like that," she

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cried out. "You're going to make me come! I'll come so hard from your dick in my ass. Drive it home, honey, drive it home..." She grunted in time with each bottoming-out of my prick in her ass. It was a proper ravaging, all right, and before long, Brianna came as hard as she'd predicted. The bed shook with the mighty trembling of her body, and her backdoor tightened reflexively around my cock. The rapid-fire squeezing effect was the final straw for me. My cock began squirting its load deep into Brianna's fine fanny, which renewed her own orgasm for a second phase. I held on to her hips, momentarily overwhelmed, while my balls emptied. When the pulsations ebbed and I finally pulled out of my wife's ass, some of my cream leaked out, too.

Not long after that memorable encounter, Brianna and I sat with drinks at our porch table at the end of another beautiful summer day. All the house and yard lights were off, so we could see the stars filling the inky-black sky. We'd just come back from dinner and dancing, and I sensed that my wife was in a particularly concupiscent mood. She still wore the short, black jersey dress and high heels that she'd donned for our night out. I knew from experience that the outfit made her feel as sexy as she looked. Add in all the

salsa grooving we'd done on the dance floor, and there was no question that we were both feeling mighty turned on.

"Do you want to go slip into something more comfortable?" I asked, as we sipped margaritas in the dark.

"I'll kick off my heels," Brianna replied, and a moment later, she put one of her bare feet in my lap.

"As for this"—she looked down at her dress and tugged on the fabric—"it's plenty comfortable. Like it's hardly there, really. I feel naked." She offered me a wicked grin.

**"I SAWED MY
RIGID COCK
IN AND OUT
OF BRIANNA'S
EAGER ASS."**

"Awesome." I clinked my glass to hers. "You look so hot in that little number. I was hoping you'd keep it on for a while."

She laughed, and her grin turned coy. "You have something in mind, hon?"

I downed the rest of my drink and said, "Come here."

She stood, stepped around the small table, and sat sideways in my lap. After a passionate kiss, Brianna asked, "Are you going to fuck me out here? 'Cause I want you to, you know. Right here in the dark, under all these stars." She kissed me again, then continued in a low, insistent tone: "I want you. My ass wants you, David. Do it slow and gentle, then hard and fast. But do it now."

"Say no more." I had her stand up, turn around and bend over the table, which placed the full roundness of her bottom right in front of my face. All I had to do was take hold of her dress and work it up over her hips. The clingy fabric stayed put at her waist, leaving her ass completely exposed. My eyes had adjusted well enough in the meager moonlight to see that Brianna wasn't wearing panties. The plump lips of her sex gleamed with wetness. Just above them, I could see her puckered rear hole, a tiny star between two full moons.

Leaning forward in my chair, I reached out and filled my hands with Brianna's scrumptious rump. Her skin was warm and creamy-smooth. I slipped a finger into her pussy, found it thoroughly lubricated, and dipped in another. Brianna moaned. When I withdrew my fingers, they were coated with her honey. Gently, I pushed one lubed digit through her taut anal muscle and into the space beyond, making my wife gasp with pleasure. I began to gently pump my finger in and out, coaxing her tight orifice into a more pliant state. Then I worked a second finger in beside the first one. I could feel my wife's backdoor relaxing, its grip on my fingers still firm but yielding. Brianna squirmed with excitement and her moans grew louder. I used my other hand to stroke her pussy, which felt wetter than ever. My thumb beat a rapid tune against her clit and made her whimper.

It was time to let my cock in on the action. I stood up, dropped my pants and slid my erection into Brianna's welcoming vagina. For a minute or two we fucked like this, maybe a couple dozen thrusts, but it was enough to drive Brianna nearly mad with anticipation.





She was so eager for anal satisfaction that I couldn't make her wait any longer.

Brianna's bag had been on the table ever since we'd come outside. I reached for it, suspecting I'd find a travel-size bottle of lube in there, and I did.

"Now, David?" Brianna's voice was strained with emotion.

"Now," I said, as my greased cock entered her tightest hole. First, it was only the crest that popped through, and then the thick shaft followed. Brianna's ass surrendered willingly, and the feeling was out of this world—both for me and for my lover, who moaned with deep fulfillment. I withdrew, then thrust smoothly forward again. She clutched the table as a sudden climax rushed upon her. I felt her asshole tighten, relax and tighten again as waves of pleasure flowed through her entire body. When the first climax had passed, she wanted more. She gripped the sides of the table and said, "Yes, baby, that's it. Keep ramming my hole. You're driving me crazy."

I continued to stand behind her, sawing my cock in and out of her eager ass, until I remembered the chair and its possibilities for increased closeness. I stepped back, uncoupling from Brianna, and sat down. Brianna quickly straightened up from the table, whirled around and sat in my lap, straddling me. My cock stood up like a flagpole behind her ass, pulsing in the groove of those fleshy globes. Our lips came together, and Brianna's frantic tongue sought mine. Feeding off her hunger, I pushed the straps of her dress off her shoulders, yanked the zipper down in back, and bared her breasts to the night. They were luminous and incredibly beautiful in the starlight. I covered those lovely tits with my hands and began to squeeze and caress them. With a sound like a purring kitten, Brianna urged my head downward so she could feed me her nipples.

I sucked and nipped those pointy buds until Brianna was writhing passionately against me. She lifted my chin once more, and her hungry kisses took my breath away. Then she began to grind her bottom against me, which made my cock rub sensuously between her nether cheeks. I forced myself to maintain control, knowing Brianna's ass awaited a final sortie.

Anxious to resume our anal play, Brianna took a moment to make sure the hem of her dress was still tucked up around her waist and out of the way. Then she reached around and grabbed hold of my cock. Leaning forward, she lifted up a little and positioned my penis properly for anal entry. I could feel her fingers on me, helping to guide me into her tiny hole.

"Ah, that's such a nice fit," Brianna murmured as the crown of my cock pushed through her sphincter. I stroked the sides of her ass and nuzzled her neck while she eased downward, taking my entire length into her back channel. When she was settled firmly in my lap, she sat motionless for a few seconds, savoring the feeling of my hard-on buried deep inside. Then she began to ride my pole. We fucked slowly and tenderly at first, exactly like she wanted. Her lithe body rose and fell with the graceful, sinewy movements of one well accustomed to this sort of anal action. Soon, however, Brianna's passion got the better of her, and she escalated our pace to a harder, faster fuck. Her hands were on my shoulders and her hair was flying around as she slammed against me. Sensing I would come any second, I held her buttocks firmly in my grasp and reveled in the moment, relishing Brianna's wild ride and the feelings of ecstasy consuming us both.

"My ass—loves—your cock," she stammered in time with her downward thrusts. "I'm so fucking close!" she screamed as I rammed

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into her harder and deeper, my cock feeling like it was trapped in some kind of vise.

"Oh, baby, that feels so amazing... don't you dare stop!" Brianna screamed, slamming her ass down onto my cock repeatedly.

"Fuck! Fuck! Oh my god! Fuck!"

Consumed and totally overwhelmed, Brianna rode my cock so hard I'm surprised she didn't tumble off my lap.

Unsurprisingly, I was so close to exploding by this point.

"I'm—fucking—coming!" She began to sob with joy against my shoulder, even as her aggressive gyrations in my lap continued unabated and her rear end milked the come from my balls. Just like that, I was coming, too. I held her while my cock erupted, unleashing a torrent of semen deep within her ass.

That night, I fell asleep sated and content, knowing that with Brianna at my side, our next anal encounter would not be long in coming. 



TAKING CONTROL

A dominant woman gives in to her most erotic inner desires by topping her favorite handsome male submissive.

By Michelle Mitchell

I am not dominant all the time. There are days when I feel positively kittenish. I yearn to be stroked and loved, pampered and played with. But for most of the time—the majority of the days in the week and the months in the year—if I'm in the mood for sex, only a sub will do.

That's what I was thinking as I unlocked the front door to my house. As I turned the chrome key, I pictured steel handcuffs and handcuff keys. When I heard the exciting metallic click as the lock released, I momentarily lost myself in the memory of the sensual look of release on the face of a beautiful boy, the thrill of desire in the bright eyes of a yearning submissive.

There is nothing so intense to me as taking control of a sub's fantasies. Of punishing a willing man who knows exactly what he needs and what he deserves. I am so well suited for this type of interaction that I could already feel my body preparing for a night of erotic pleasure. My posture became more severe as I stood up to my full height. I could feel the pulse point in my throat.

As soon as I had set down my purse in the front hallway, I made the call. Because when I'm in this mood—when only a sub will do—there's one boy I'm thinking of in particular. I dialed his number, and I felt my pussy tighten in anticipation. Matthew answered right away. *Good boy*, I thought to myself as I heard the quiver in his tone. He knew me by the number on his cell screen, and he knew exactly what a call from me would mean. I never call for any other reason.

"Mistress," he said softly. His voice was a rush, and his breath had that tremor that I love so much. If I closed my eyes, I could imagine him easily. I could see his blond curls against my blue sheets. I could see his finely muscled body straining as I tormented him in the most sublime ways—cuffing him so that he could not get free, dripping wax on his exposed skin, roughly tugging on his cock, forcefully finger-fucking his anus.

"Mistress, how may I serve you?"

"You'll find out soon enough," I told him.

"As soon as you get here," I continued. I glanced at my watch. I knew Matt lived twenty minutes away by bike, barring traffic. He rode his high-end mountain bicycle everywhere, had been on a bicycling team in college. At this hour, biking would actually be faster. He wouldn't be caught in the tangle of people making their way home from work.

"Be here in ten," I said, smiling to myself at the thought of him trying to fulfill my impossible desires. I disconnected the line and went to my bedroom to prepare myself. For work, I wear a specific type of

**"I COULD
ABSOLUTELY SEE
THE UNDILUTED
SUBMISSIVENESS
IN HIM."**

outfit—generally speaking, you'll find me in an expensive suit, a crisp shirt in a jewel tone, and heels that are tasteful yet powerful-looking.

For a night with Matthew, I chose a completely different type of uniform. I undressed entirely, wanting to start fresh from the first layer up. Black satin high-cut panties were the look of the night, with a matching black bra. Not a demi-cup bra. Not a teaser. The ultimate goal was dominance—and I even wanted my underwear to scream *domme*. When Matt first caught sight of me in the set, I wanted his heart to beat faster and his dick to silently beg for release.

I thought of the first time Matt and I had dallied together. He'd been at my neighbor's

house, working in her yard. Throughout the morning, I'd watched from my upstairs window, absolutely mesmerized by his comely visage. I'd figured out fairly quickly that he was her new landscaper, and he worked alongside his team, trimming the hedges, mulching, planting bulbs. I had tracked him through his duties, taking note of his slim, muscular build, the way he could heft huge bags of soil without seeming to break a sweat.

Finally, I'd let him catch me staring at him from the balcony, and I'd witnessed the way his eyes had lingered on my body. Something in the duck of his head when I'd caught him watching made me think that he might like to play the way I do.

Later, I'd gone outside on the pretense of checking my mail, but in actuality to scope him out better. To his credit, Matt had made the first move. He'd come over, introduced himself, and given me a card with the name of his business. On the back was his personal number written by hand. The words "please call" were underlined.

I'd called.

For this night, I chose a deceptively simple black dress. At first glance, the dress seemed almost plain. But when I attached a red leather belt around the waist, the sheath took on a level of sophistication that I appreciated. I matched my accessories, choosing high red boots that went up past my knees. I pulled my hair into a fierce ponytail, redid my makeup and checked the clock.

Fifteen minutes had passed. I'd known Matt would be late. I'd made Matt late—giving him a task that he couldn't possibly achieve. We both knew what that would mean. After nineteen minutes, he arrived. I heard him hammering on the front door, and I walked slowly down the hall, allowing myself to appreciate the anticipation that was building inside me.

I peeked through the peephole. There stood Matt, his blond curls tousled, his cheeks pink. He actually looked as if he had sprinted the entire way here, but I knew he must have



VARIATIONS

▾ BONDAGE



ridden. Yes, there on my front porch was his bike. He was breathless, and he appeared almost frightened, as if he feared I wouldn't let him in because he was late.

Poor boy. Of course, I'd let him in. And then I'd punish him. That was the whole point, after all.

I waited one more moment before opening the door. When I did, he practically fell into the apartment, going on his knees in front of me before I could even close the door behind him. How good he looked on his knees. How helpless.

"Mistress..." The word was on his lips immediately. "I'm sorry," followed right after.

"You should be," I said, and I worked to keep the smile from my voice. He was going to be sorry, that was for sure, and then he was going to be hard. Next, he was going to be in me, and then finally he was going to come. I knew the future, even if he didn't. I had to force myself to play things slow, because one tiny part of me wanted to fuck him right then. But we were in this together. We were in this for the same—if mirrored—reasons. For my appetite this evening, only a sub's yearning would do. I'd chosen Matt. I was responsible for giving him what he wanted, as well.

"Strip," I said, "and meet me in my bedroom."

I didn't look at him. I strode away from him, my heels clacking on the hardwood floor, my whole body already feeling the electric current that being in charge brings to me. How would I begin? Would I whip him with a crop? Would I torment his mammoth cock? I ticked off the different options as I settled myself against the edge of the bed.

I heard Matt approaching. I could tell from the sound that he was crawling on his hands and knees down my hallway. *Good, sweet sub*, I thought. *That's right. You behave the way I've taught you.* Many prior lessons had brought us to this point. Many delicious punishment sessions had honed Matthew into the perfect submissive for my every kinky desire. We had worked on obeying my commands. We had practiced striving for excellence.

He arrived in the doorway and looked at me expectantly. I let him stare for a second—let him drink me in—before I snapped, "Eyes on the floor. You know better than that"

He lowered his gaze immediately. His

“I DRIZZLED A TINY BIT OF LUBE DOWN HIS UNIT, AND THEN I SLID MY FIST UP AND DOWN HIS SHAFT.”

cheeks flushed pinker. I wanted to tousle his hair, but I didn't allow myself that gentle gesture. He didn't deserve my kindness. Not yet. There would be plenty of time for caressing and cuddling after I had taken Matthew to the edge. I stood away from the bed and motioned for him to climb onto the mattress. He didn't know if I wanted him facedown or faceup, and he looked worried.

What if he did the wrong thing?

I gave him no helpful instruction. It wasn't in my nature to make things easier for him. Where would the fun be in that? I could almost see the different thoughts flicker through his mind. If he lay on his back, that would assume I might do something to his cock. Something he would like? Something he wouldn't—although, really, he would? If he went on his stomach, he was presenting me with his gorgeous ass. What would that mean? How might that play out?

He took a risk and lay on his belly. I snapped, “Faceup,” and he rolled over immediately, looking twice as worried as he had before. He could never know that I would have said “facedown” had he gone the other way. I couldn't possibly allow him to be right, not even in something so insignificant as a position. Not so early in the evening, at least. I dangled a pair of handcuffs in front of him, and he quickly brought his wrists over his head and let me bind him. The click of the cuffs sent that fierce electrical charge through me. He would stay where I wanted him until I let him go. I then slid a blindfold in place, even though I do love to see the expressions change in his eyes, I wanted my actions to be a surprise to him. Besides



that, I know Matt adores being blindfolded. This he confessed late one night when I put clothespins on his nipples and made him list the top ten kinky ways he fantasized about playing.

Now, I took a moment to really admire the form of the man on my mattress. He is such a delightful specimen of masculinity. Although he is built lanky, with muscles from hours in the gardens and a tan to match, he still seemed suitable presented as he was on my blue satin sheets. His blond curls adorned my pillow. His body trembled slightly. But it wasn't his outward appearance that melded so well. I could absolutely witness the undiluted submissiveness in him. I could see it in the way his lower lip shook. I could see it in the way he held his body as still as he possibly could. Mostly, however, I could see it in his cock.

What a cock.

Matt's erection pointed straight up toward the chandelier. His cock was proud, yes, but there was something in the way that the tip seemed to quiver, as if it was also slightly worried about what I would do next, that let me know he was submissive where it truly counted. He was submissive all the way to the tip.

My eyes still on my sub, I slid on a pair of thin latex gloves. Then I gripped his cock firmly in my hand. Matt sighed. He hadn't expected this. I drizzled a tiny bit of lube down his unit, and then I slid my fist up

and down his shaft. He shuddered in an attempt to hold back. When I held his balls in my rubber-clad grip with my free hand while I pumped him, he sighed. I put the tip of my finger between his ass cheeks, and he groaned. I tried to picture how he was feeling—what he was hoping for. Then I did what he wasn't expecting. I kissed the head of his dick. I did this simply because I wanted to, because he was pleasing me with his form, because I needed a little taste. Matt's whole body shook. I licked my lips and then undid my belt. Matt, if he were listening carefully, would have heard the snick of the buckle, the click of the fastening, the quiet hiss of the leather pulling free.

Cruelly, I did nothing. I stood by the bed. We were alone together. We were bound by our lust, by our desires. I did not want to rush. I wanted to appreciate every second of this evening. Matt was reaching his own boundaries, however. He wanted more. He was hungry for pain and for the abundance of pleasure that would so quickly follow afterward.

“Mistress...” His voice was yearning, begging.

“I'm here, Matt,” I said.

“Mistress, please...”

This was difficult for him, hovering in that place of wonder and worry. I took a step closer. He heard my heels on the floor. Then I doubled up the belt in my hand and cracked the leather. He jumped and then settled

VARIATIONS

▾ BONDAGE

into the silky heaven of my sheets. I hadn't touched him with the belt.

This time, I was the one to speak. "Matt..." I started.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you want to feel my belt?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress."

"Where do you want to feel my belt?"

He didn't answer right away. I think that's because wanting something and asking for that something are two very different situations. If I guessed what he wanted and merely took care of him, then he would have almost no responsibility for

the scene. He was merely there, a plaything. A plaything who would undoubtedly get his rocks off, shooting in a rush on his lower belly, but a plaything nonetheless. If I made him participate, then he was verbally acknowledging—even requesting—the pain and pleasure I was looking to mete out.

This is a difficult concept for many subs. Matt was no different, but he happily rose to my occasion. He said, "On my ass, Mistress," so I had him roll over, gingerly roll over, because his cock was so fucking hard at this point that it was like rolling over with a steel pipe between his legs.

I could imagine the way my sheets felt against his shaft. I knew that Matt appreciated the luxurious sleekness because he sighed softly as his dick dug into the bedding.

When I snapped the belt again, he flinched. I saw his ass tighten and release. He was dying for me to stripe him with my red leather. Truth be told, I was desperate as well. But this evening was all about waiting and wanting. I needed to take this slowly. I wanted to appreciate every subtle nuance, every shift of Matt's hips on the sheets, every flicker of desire in his form. He still had the blindfold on. He was lost in the haze of hopefulness.

Suddenly, I could wait no longer. Matt needed this and I needed this. What was the point in withholding what we both so desperately desired? I struck him with my belt, and he sighed. His wrists rattled the handcuff chain. But his body absorbed the blow easily and quickly, and I could tell in a heartbeat that he was ready for more. I struck again. He went through the motions once more. To make sure we were on the same erotic page, I reached one hand beneath his body and fondled his dick. He almost went off in my embrace. I could sense how close he was, and I thought that if I whipped him steadily, there was a chance he would come from that act alone.

Once the thought appeared in my mind, I had to see if I could make the experience happen. Both for me and for Matt. I striped him again quickly, then landed another stinging blow. He was moving his hips in a seductive wag, which I allowed for the moment. I knew that the movement was



**"THE CRACK OF
THE LEATHER ON
HIS SKIN WAS A
LOVELY NOISE TO
BOTH OF US."**

gaining him some sweet friction against my satin bedding. And I knew he was making my sheets sticky with pre-come, as well.

As I lined up the next few blows, I flashed back to our initial evening together. When he'd arrived for our first date, he called me ma'am because he'd sensed something. Some power in me. I'd corrected him, saying, "Mistress," to see if he'd understand, to see if he'd get what I wanted. He did. And that night had ended the way I knew this night would—with Matthew bound and punished, and me riding out my bliss on his gloriously mammoth cock.

The crack of the leather on his skin was a lovely noise to both of us. I felt my pussy growing wetter by the second, and I could tell that Matt was approaching his big "O."

"Will you come for me if I whip you just right?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, Mistress," he promised me.

"Raise your hips a little higher," I instructed.

Matt did as I asked, and I struck him harder and faster before letting one of my hands, still gloved, fondle his balls. He shot off like a bottle of champagne, his jism coating my sheets. He cried out as the climax ripped through him, and that noise made my own clit seem to twitch in response.

I was ready for a release of my own. Matt would discover quickly what his submission did to me, how he turned me on, but that was acceptable. I didn't need to keep him in the dark on this. Not literally, nor figuratively. I took off my gloves, and then I removed his blindfold and undid his cuffs. Then I had him undress me to my bra and panties. Matthew took this job very seriously. He worked slowly, careful not to mess my clothes in any manner. When I was standing only in bra, panties, stockings and boots, I gave him the next instruction:

"Please me," I told him.

He gazed at me, hoping, I think, for more information. I refused to offer him any additional help. We'd done this often enough. He ought to be able to figure out exactly what I wanted. On his knees, he pressed his face to my pussy. I sighed and pushed my hips forward. He tongued me through the layer of my panties. He was waiting for me to give him permission. Taking pity on both of us, I did.

"Pull them down, Matthew," I said, and my own voice had a slight unexpected quaver to the tone. I was closer than I'd thought.



Whipping Matthew had ramped me up quickly.

Matt tugged my panties down, and I stepped out of them. Then he resumed his oral onslaught, his erotically charged journey, using his tongue to tap on my clit, using his lips to tug on my nether lips. I was transported by the way he worshiped my pussy with his mouth. I stepped slightly wider to give him better access. He took it, really shoving his mouth against me, drinking up every wayward drop of my juices as he slicked his tongue around my hole.

I gripped the back of his head with my hands and rode his face, grinding my pussy into his mouth. I laughed when he appeared to be struggling to breathe between my thighs.

I groaned as Matt pulled my panties to the side and pushed his tongue up inside of me

cheekily. Normally I would have reprimanding him for being too bold but today, I was thankful!

When I came, I used my hands to hold his head against me. I trembled all over with the force of my pleasure, and I let Matthew know with my body how much he'd pleased me.

"Good boy," I grinned.

I released him, and he sat on his heels and looked up at me, expectantly. He wanted more. I could see the craving in his eyes. That was fine. I wanted more, as well. Because for me, this was one of those nights... when only a sub will do. Luckily for me, Matt craves the opposite, the flip of my desires. I realized as I tied him down again, this time faceup so I could torment his pretty cock, that he had an agenda of his own.

You see, for Matt, there are some special nights when only a domme will do. ☞



MIRROR IMAGE

When I was hired to clean at a local dance studio, I thought my prayers had been answered. Not that cleaning is my ultimate goal in life, but I needed an after-hours job I could do a few days a week while I attended college. The schedule suited me perfectly as a night owl. A loner to my core, I had no problem working by myself. In fact, I preferred it.

The studio manager explained the work to me: polish the endless mirrors in the upstairs and downstairs ballrooms. The activity was simple but time-consuming. I could use the stereo if I kept the music low. I could arrive any time I desired, as long as I was finished before the studio opened in the morning. Easy enough.

One night, I went into work well after midnight. I'd been out with friends earlier, and since I had my own key, I wasn't on anyone else's schedule. When I arrived at the studio, I sensed something different. The music was already on. Perhaps the staff had left the stereo on by accident, I decided. I headed into the office where the sound system was located. Through the window, I could see into the main studio.

That's when I saw him.

One of the studio's instructors.

Although I'd never seen the man dance, I had admired his handsome image in the framed pictures on the walls in the studio lobby. The difference between those pictures and now was that here he was naked. I hesitated, trying to figure out what to do. This well-built man was dancing gloriously to the music, his eyes shut, his body moving rhythmically, hypnotically, sensually. It was an intensely beautiful sight.

I couldn't help myself. I stared raptly at the way he moved. I was mesmerized. There was something indecent about watching. I felt guilty. Believe me. But I couldn't stop myself. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and looked directly at me. I gasped. What should I do? What should I say? Then I realized he wasn't looking at me at all. The windows from the office were mirrored on his side, like the rest of the walls in the studio. He couldn't see me. He was admiring his own naked reflection. I sighed with relief and leaned

back—nudging the stereo's button as I did so that the music turned off abruptly.

Damn.

He grew totally still for a moment, then he casually reached for his pants and slid them on. The garment didn't do much to hide his exquisite form. These were stretchy black dance pants. His semi-erect cock was clearly outlined beneath the fabric. It was a magnificent organ, one that looked to be as thick as my wrist and a mouth-watering length. I told myself to stop focusing on the dancer's dick and start figuring out how to explain my presence.

Then I thought—hell. I didn't have to explain anything. I was hired to clean the place. I had every right to be there. He was dancing naked! If anyone had to explain anything, it ought to be him!

He entered the office, and his eyes swept

“JOSEPH SPREAD ME OUT ON THE WOODEN FLOOR AND PARTED MY THIGHS.”

over me. I could feel him assessing the situation. I was clearly not there to rob the place. I had my glass cleaner, rags and tools. My hair was tied up. I was in holey jeans and an old t-shirt. My reasons for being there were obvious.

“I'm Sara,” I managed to squeak. “The cleaner.”

“Hi, Sara the cleaner,” he said, and he smiled at me. “I'm Joseph. The naked dancer.”

So that's how he was going to take care of that. With honesty and humor. I gave him a few thousand mental points for his cleverness and forthright manner.

“I didn't think anyone would show up this late,” he continued. “And I have this thing about dancing naked.”

I took a deep breath for courage, and I said, “That's funny, because I have a thing for cleaning naked.”

“You don't say?” He winked at me. I felt myself growing a little more adventurous. I took off my t-shirt so that I was standing in my bra and jeans, facing him. Then I shook out my hair and waited to see what he'd do next. “You're still more dressed than I am,” he noted.

I kicked off my shoes and lost my jeans in a rush. He was staring at me expectantly. This was a now-or-never moment. I unfastened my bra and then pulled down my panties and stepped out of them. Joseph took his dance pants off again, too. Now we were evenly matched—and, it seemed, evenly turned on.

“So you're going to clean like this?” he asked pointedly, gesturing toward my nude form.

“That seems like a waste,” I said. “With you naked and me naked, we might be able to come up with a sexier activity than cleaning. Don't you think?”

Joseph took my hand and led me back to the studio. Surrounded by the mirrors, he kissed me for the first time. It was late in the evening—or early in the morning—and I was naked at my job kissing a sexy man. I went for it. I wrapped my arms around his strong body and let my tongue meet his. He embraced me tightly, and I could feel his hard-on pressing against me. Our hunger and urgency were quickly getting the best of us.

There was no bed nearby. No place for us to go.

Joseph spread me out on the hard wooden floor and gently parted my thighs. I could feel how slick and ready I was for him. The foreplay had been watching him dance. The main event was the head of his cock entering me in one seriously sexy thrust.

I groaned and wrapped my legs around his muscular body. He withdrew and then drove forward again, gliding us a little bit along the polished floor. I turned my head and saw our reflection in one of the mirrors. Our movements were magical to me, multiplied as we were by the mirrors on mirrors. We were fucking to infinity, and my pleasure felt as endless as our images seemed.

Joseph let me watch our coupling for a moment before he put one hand under my chin and turned my face back toward his, bringing me back to the present. To our

moment. To us. He seemed to want me to stare into his eyes while we made love. I realized I wanted to do that, as well. Our eyes locked, and I felt our connection solidify.

Focused, anchored, I held his gaze as he thrust in deep and then held in place. I was pinned beneath his weight, and I relished the comforting sensation. He swiveled his trim hips, and I cried out as his powerful cock stroked me perfectly. Then he moved the two of us together, so he was on his back and I was astride him. I couldn't help but smile, enjoying this view from above and the feeling of his slick dick inside me. I rocked on him and then used my thighs to push upward, allowing his cock to slip out of me inch by inch. When only the head was still inside my pussy, I rode him back down. He was the one to sigh and shut his eyes now, clearly basking in the pleasurable sensations flooding through him as my eager pussy enveloped his dick.

I gripped his chin, and he opened his eyes and smiled, understanding.

Locked together, we rocked together, and very quickly brought each other to the cusp.

"I'm going to..." I said, slamming down on him one last time.

"Me, too," he responded breathlessly, lurching his hips upward to drive himself inside me as deeply as possible.

We came surrounded by our own reflections—came as all those double images of us came, as well. The event was spectacular, and I was grateful to have happened upon Joseph, to have spied him in his element. Even if this was the only time we'd ever fool around, even if this was...

"What else do you like to do naked?" he asked as he pulled me to him in a snug embrace.

I smiled at myself in the mirror. We were going to have endless hours of entertainment. I could tell.

—S.R., Via Email

ANAL ANTICS

Trisha gets turned on by the weirdest things; I love that about her. We were at a show one night, down in the city. A burlesque dancer had placed a tassel on the back of her panties, right where her asshole would be. She wore matching pasties on her



nipples. I didn't pay a bit of attention to that detail, beyond momentarily thinking it playful and clever, but when the show was over and we stood to leave, my girl was clutching my hand.

"Hurry," she whispered excitedly in my ear.

"Hurry?"

"Take me home. I want—"

Her voice was swallowed by the emcee who was thanking everyone for coming to the show.

I leaned in. "What? I missed that last part."

She pushed her pink-painted mouth to my ear and hissed, "I want you to fuck me in the ass."

That costume had put the salacious idea in her mind. That humorous little tassel, spinning and teasing and mesmerizing my girl until she had to beg me to bang her backdoor. I shook my head, smiling, but I didn't argue. In fact, I was charmed. I got her home and got her naked.

She pulled at my clothes, hurriedly undressing me, but her fingers kept tripping over themselves in her haste. "Slow down," I said. "I'm not going right for it, anyway."

She paused. "What do you mean? I want you! I want you to fuck me in the ass right now." She looked so perfectly desperate; I had to struggle to hide my amusement. I liked toying with her, but I didn't want to be cruel.

"Oh, I'll fuck you. I promise. But if you want it now, imagine how much you'll want it when I'm done."

"Done with what?"

"Shh," I eased her onto her belly. I pulled her legs wide and spread her ass cheeks. I kissed each cheek before circling my tongue around her back hole until she was making this mewling sound I'd never heard before. It made my cock ache.

Gently, I worked my fingers into her pussy, gathering some of her abundant wetness, and then eased only one digit into her snug asshole. I nipped at her butt cheek while flexing my finger, and she jumped, releasing a cry that became a languid moan.

"Hurry," she pleaded.

"Nope."

I went back to kissing her bottom leisurely, moving up along the small of her back, down the back of each slim thigh. Aided by copious amounts of lube, I added a second finger in her back hole and slowly began to withdraw and thrust, rhythmically fucking her with my fingers.

She was wriggling so hard—trying to push her hand beneath her body so she could get her fingers on her clit—that I had to pin her down with my forearm. I added a third finger to her ass, going slow and easy until I felt her body blossom and let go, allowing me free access to thrust deep and hard.

"There you go, my baby. Nice and open for me. Just imagine what it'll feel like when I finally work my cock into you."

She whimpered softly as I kept working her pliant hole. When she was nearly weeping,

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begging me to screw her, I pulled my fingers free and rummaged through her nightstand.

"What in the hell are you doing?"

"Nothing. You'll see."

I pulled out one of her multiple makeup cases. I found what I was looking for and popped open the tiny case of cream blusher. "I'm going to adorn you. I don't have any tassels so I'll have to improvise." I coated my finger in blusher and laughed. "Good thing I'm a thinker."

**"I DROVE INTO
HER DEEP,
FEELING HER
SECOND ORGASM
RIP THROUGH."**

I spread her cheeks again, and she stayed still for me. I could see the breath tearing in and out of her, she was so worked up. But she remained calm while I ringed her back hole with vibrant pink color. "Now you're all painted up," I murmured, putting the final touches on her bottom.

I snapped the case closed and watched her humping the bed in an attempt to get herself off.

"Is it time for me to put you out of your misery?" I asked Trisha.

"Yes. Fucking Christ, yes."

I kissed a slow line down her back, keeping her on edge for a moment longer. But I had to admit, seeing her so turned on and outlining her puckered hole with pink had me rock-hard. I felt like if I didn't fuck her soon I might lose my mind.

While she toyed with her clit, I took my time rubbing my cockhead against her ass. I stroked it across her cheeks, down her hips. I slid it along every inch I could reach until she was begging to be penetrated.

"Please..." Her request came out on a shuddering sigh. I'd never heard a sexier sound.

I finally nudged her asshole with my hard

cock. I pressed forward until she'd taken the tip. Then I waited. She bucked and shivered. I gave her another inch, watching her back hole—that I'd outlined a playful pink—take my length. Trisha groaned. Her hips moved up and back, and I gave her another inch, holding her hips so tight my fingertips blanched her skin. After all of this careful teasing, I wasn't going to allow her to take control and rush through this.

When I was inside her all the way, I waited, feeling the tight heat and the grip of quivering muscles. Her hand was again moving furiously beneath her, and when I gave her two good thrusts, in and out with controlled urgency, she came. I felt her climax in her back passage, the muscles dancing around my shaft as she rode out her climax.

I leaned my body over hers and bit her shoulder. She sobbed and thrust back against me, eager to be reamed by my cock.

I responded to her body's call and I took care of myself then, my rhythm speeding up from need to animalistic desperation. I anchored myself with a tight grip on the meat of her hips. I drove in and out of her until I saw tiny dots of white light in my vision. Her cunt was tight, but her ass... that was spectacularly snug, milking my cock with every thrust.

Her fingers were back at it again, busy between her thighs. She was a writhing mass of erotic excitement.

Trisha pushed back every time I drove forward. We moved together in a rhythmic, intense tempo. I saw the fingers of her free hand grip the bedding, squeezing knots of fabric into her fist. The other hand stayed buried between her legs. I felt the friction of her thrusting fingers in her cunt as I fucked her asshole. That stimulation put me right on edge.

I tossed my head back and shouted, coming and filling her up so that she whimpered beneath me. Her body had gone limp, and I withdrew slowly, falling to my side and kissing her.

"So... that was... yeah."

"I love going out with you." I laughed.

She raised an eyebrow in silent curiosity and grinned.

"I aim to please," Trisha said.

"And you always succeed."

—K.L., Los Angeles, California



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SOMETHING NEW

Doug had been joking about a threesome with me and my wife for ages. I thought at first it was just that—a joke. However, as time wore on, I realized he was serious. Bold, honest, and serious.

I called my wife from the bar where Doug and I were drinking one night. “So, Doug wants to have a threesome with us. How do you feel about that?”

Dead silence.

“Janet?”

“For real?”

“I think so. He’s been talking about it since we started playing softball together. I thought it was just talk. But he seems serious, and I wasn’t sure...” I let the sentence trail off.

“You’re willing to have a threeway with another guy?” I could picture her, one eyebrow raised, hip cocked.

“If you are. I mean... yeah. Unless that weirds you out.”

“Weirds me out? It turns me the fuck on. I just figured if we ever went there you’d insist on me and another chick.”

“I’m an open-minded, modern man,” I said. I drained my beer and set it on the bar.

Doug was making his way back through the crowd. I patiently waited for my wife’s response, hoping for a yes.

“I’m in. I’m in, and then I’m in some more. Is this the Doug in the pics from the championship game you showed me?”

“It is.”

“Then, yes. I’m definitely in.”

“You thought he was that hot?” I asked, laughing.

“I think seeing him suck your cock for my viewing pleasure would be that hot, yes.”

“What if he wants me to suck his cock?”

“Even hotter,” she said. Then she hung up.

Doug took his seat, and I turned to him.

“You know that thing... with me and Janet you’ve been talking about for months?”

“The fucking?” he asked, waving his finger toward the bartender for another round.

“That. Yeah.”

“Yep. What about it?”

“What if I said it was on? That Janet was a go?”

“I’d ask you this: When?”

“How’s Saturday?”

“Great.”

“Fucking first,” I said, feeling my nerves creep up a little. “Then food and drinks around the fire pit if you want to stay.”

Doug nodded. “Sounds good.”

“And when you say threeway... you mean her and you, me and her, you and me? Or am I misreading this?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Anything goes. Whatever you’re comfortable with.”

I nodded. “Good.”

“Good, why?”

“Because it seems my wife is utterly down with watching someone suck someone’s cock. And she doesn’t mean her.”

He grinned. “Tell her we can accommodate her wishes.”

Saturday seemed to take forever to arrive. But when the doorbell rang, I felt like I’d been electrocuted. Not Janet, though. Janet was happy and eager. “He’s here!” she said, clapping. She grabbed my hand and led me to the door. When she threw it open, she let out a little gasp. “You’re here. Excellent. Can I get you a drink?”

“No drink,” I said. Then added, “Sorry. Didn’t mean to be rude.”

Doug came in and hung his jacket on the hook by the front door. “Nice to meet you, Janet. I’d love a drink, but maybe afterward. I think your husband would feel better if we got right down to business. He’s impatient at work. Is he the same here?”

Doug was joking with us, teasing me the way he did at the office, which put me at ease. I studied my friend as if I’d never seen him before. I tried to picture myself with his dick in my mouth. Or mine in his. I’d thought imagining either act would be impossible, but it wasn’t. Probably because it was all Janet had talked about. She’d gone over the different scenarios multiple times, while fucking me and masturbating and in between sucking my cock. I knew the thought turned her on, and I wanted to give her that in real life. In that moment, I realized I was in 100 percent.

Upstairs, Doug and I stood, watching my wife slowly take her clothes off, revealing bits of pale skin, pink nipples, the neatly trimmed triangle of her mound. She sat at the top of the bed, splayed her legs slightly and smiled. “Now, you two.”

We disrobed with a lot less elegance than Janet. I looked at Doug, and he looked at me. My glance strayed toward my wife, and I knew exactly what direction she was hoping this would take. So I gave it to her. I dropped to my knees and took hold of Doug’s erect cock. His dick was smooth and hard—exactly the way mine felt. Then I put him in my mouth. I heard her sharp intake of air. A small shuddery sigh. In my peripheral vision, I could see her touching herself, and excitement leapt through my veins.

Doug held my head and thrust forward.



His motions were controlled, so as not to overwhelm me. I did all the things I like when Janet gives me head. I sucked, I swirled my tongue, brushed my lips across his cockhead.

"Come to the bed," she whispered.

I got up, and she arranged us like two personal dolls in a 69 position, pausing every so often to swipe a fingertip over her clit. She shuddered, cheeks flushed, and nodded. "Go."

We went—sucking each other, cupping balls, moving like two writhing eels on the mattress. When I shivered and said, "Stop, stop, I don't want to come yet," she climaxed with a sharp cry.

"What do you want, Janet?" Doug asked.

She didn't need to think and answered instantly, "I want you to fuck me while my husband fucks you."

In her initial imaginings, she'd wanted me to be the bottom in this scenario. Now, she wanted me to take Doug. The thought seemed to make my cock harder—if that was even possible.

She splayed herself on the bed, legs wide, pussy wet and ripe. He moved between her legs, playing the tip of his cock over her clit until she bucked. I grabbed some lube from the nightstand, slickened up my dick and spread his asscheeks so I could see his hole. I'd never thought I'd be here or be so excited to be doing this. But I was, and I was grateful for her shared fantasy.

After rearing him with a pair of well-lubed fingers, I pushed the tip of my cock to his ass as he plunged into her pussy. I let him get in my wife all the way, and when he paused, I pushed forward, slow but steady, until his ass relaxed and totally accepted my cock.

Janet craned her neck, looking over his shoulder so she could see me. Then she groaned. "Move. Fuck him. Every time you fuck him, he fucks me."

My thoughts were wiped clean, and I was simply in the sensory moment—listening to her groans, his moans, my own harsh breath and the luxurious feeling of his ass accepting my dick.

I held his hips, fucking him hard now that my path was eased. Every driving motion pushed him into Janet's slick cunt. I reached around him and touched her hand. She squeezed mine and then dropped it as she started to buck wildly. Her orgasm was swift and brutal. She made sweet sounds of ecstasy, and I



heard Doug chant, "Fuck... fuck..."

He was close, and I was a millimeter away from losing it. I held his hips, my rhythm desperate at that point, I pulled him to me even as I forced into him. When he barked out and bucked beneath me, I knew he'd climaxed. His twitching ass was full of me, and his cock was buried in my wife's slick heat. I lost it then, pulling free and shooting my load all over his butt.

My mind had already started to play out other scenarios for the three of us. When I moved to the edge of the bed and looked Janet in the eye, I could see she was doing the same.

"So drink, food, and fire pit?" I asked Doug as I found my jeans.

"Only if you want me to stay," he said, grinning.

"Oh, we want you to stay," Janet said. "I'm starving, but after dinner I might want something sweet again."

Doug chuckled. "Something sweet sounds good."

—Name and address withheld

HER FRENCH MAID

I fastened the lacy garter belt around my waist, and then attached its straps to my seamed stockings. After that, I donned ruffled panties and a matching bra—complete with realistic breast forms. Then it was time for the petticoat. The garment was extremely full and short, made out of stiff netting. As I pulled it up my legs, I was shocked by my own excitement. I couldn't believe I was doing this—or how much it was turning me on.

A few weeks ago, Marisol, my wife, had joked that she wanted a maid for her birthday. Since I always look to please my bride, I decided to surprise her by making her wish come true and presenting her with a maid—me!

Wearing my fancy lingerie, I stood in front of the mirror on the back of the bedroom

"SHE STRADDLED MY HEAD AND ORDERED ME TO MAKE HER COME."

door and applied some makeup. I didn't really know what I was doing, but I tried my best. I could feel my cock rapidly swelling in my panties, and it only got harder after donning my curly blonde wig and satin French maid outfit. The petticoat made the short skirt poof up and out, effectively hiding the evidence of my arousal. But that didn't change how horny I'd become.

After slipping into a pair of patent leather heels, I placed the lacy maid's cap atop my head. I checked myself in the mirror, once again shocked and pleased by my appearance. Marisol would be home at any minute, and I awaited her arrival. She exclaimed with delighted surprise when she opened the door and spotted me in my finery.

Keeping in character, I curtsied and asked if she'd like a glass of wine.

"Yes, I would... but what are you doing?! Why are you wearing that outfit?"

My wife was certainly shocked, but I could tell from the gleam in her eyes and her flushed cheeks that she was also excited. Who knew that some satin and lace could have such an effect on us?

"Well," I explained, "you said you wanted a maid. And since today is your special day, I thought I'd grant you your birthday wish!"

Marisol grinned wickedly and immediately

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took to her new role of mistress of the house. She had me bring her a glass of Chardonnay and watched me closely as I tottered to the bar and back to deliver her beverage. As she sipped her wine, I told her that dinner would be ready in about 30 minutes; I'd prepared her favorite dish and put it in the slow-cooker earlier in the day.

Putting down her wineglass, Marisol stood and ordered me into the bedroom. Once there, she directed me to undress her. I obeyed, carefully folding each garment after I removed it. Once she was nude, she instructed me to suck on each of her nipples. I took my time, making her sigh and squirm. When she'd had enough, she commanded me to kneel before her and eat her pussy. This was so unlike her, but her behavior was exciting to me. I eagerly lapped at her sex, and she ground her wet slit against my mouth. She grabbed the back of my head, knocking my wig askew and moaning loudly as I made her climax.

After she caught her breath, she told me to select an outfit for her for dinner. I chose a silk kimono and a matching pair of red high heels. Right after I'd helped her dress, she reached under my petticoat and stroked my cock through my panties. I bit back a moan, and she smiled, saying it was time for dinner.

We had a nice meal, and afterward, Marisol asked for more wine and told me to clean the kitchen. Once I was finished with that task, she had me stand next to her while she watched a movie. She kept her eyes on the screen but would occasionally reach over and stroke me through my girlie undies. Every time I thought I'd come, she'd still her hand and chuckle. I was shaking; I'd never been so turned on for such an extended period of time.

After her movie, she said it was time to return to the bedroom. There, she had me strip and lie on the bed. She used some of her scarves to tie my hands and feet to the bedposts. Once I was secure, she straddled my head, facing my feet, and ordered me to once again make her come with my lips and tongue. As I got to work on her pussy, she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth. I thought I was going to shoot instantly, but Marisol paced her actions perfectly to keep me on edge until she climaxed a second time. She was still panting from her orgasm when she swung her body around and sank her pussy down on my dick. It felt incredible.

"I've got an idea," Marisol grinned mischievously.

"Do you?" I replied nervously. "Will I like it?"

"Very much so," she smirked.

"I suddenly have a fantasy to fuck the

"ONCE SHE WAS NUDE, SHE INSTRUCTED ME TO SUCK ON EACH OF HER NIPPLES"

housemaid. I want you to put your maid's uniform on for me," she teased provocatively.

"Really?" I replied incredulously, my cock twitching.

"Do I have to ask twice?"

She didn't. As soon as she untied me, I put the outfit back on. I felt a mixture of arousal and humiliation.

Marisol looked at me hungrily.

"I heard that you've been stealing my dirty panties from the laundry, Maid!" she taunted.

"So I'm going to teach you a lesson."

My cock sprung up through my petticoat as Marisol picked up my panties from the floor and stuffed them into my mouth before sliding my cock back inside her.

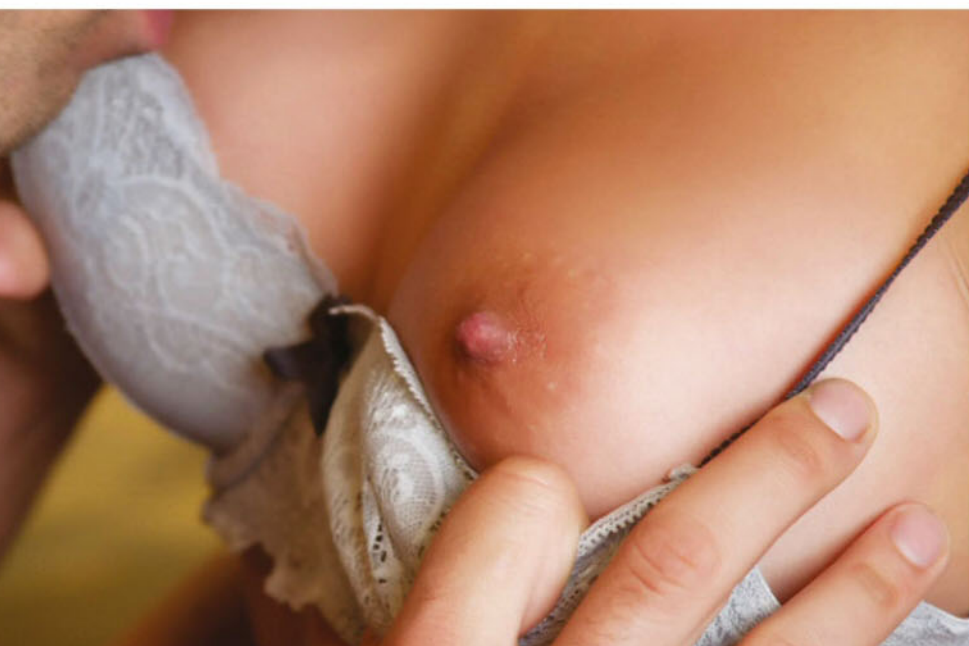
I couldn't believe it! I was so hard.

Marisol rode my pole like a wild woman, but before she granted me permission to come, I had to agree to be her maid once a month—and maybe more if she chose. I would have said yes to anything at that point. I told her I'd be her lady's maid whenever she needed my services. She slammed herself down hard, telling me to fill her with my come. I did as ordered, experiencing the most incredible orgasm of my life.

I've very much enjoying my new role—and so is Marisol.

—D.W., Miami, Florida

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
- 2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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